★ Oct. 25, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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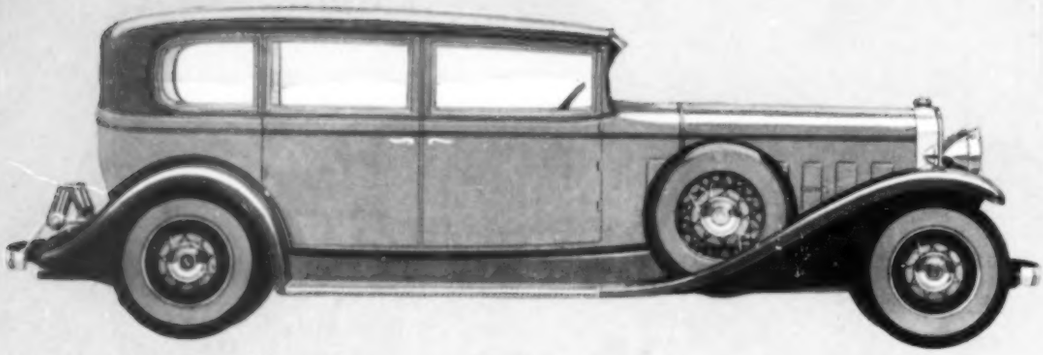

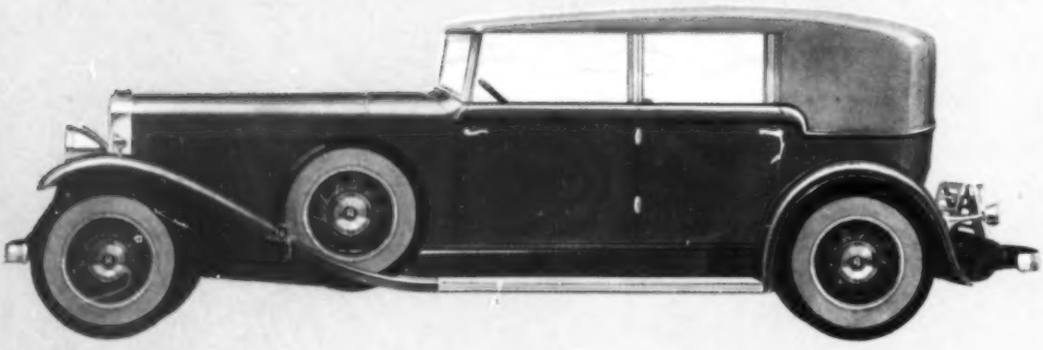

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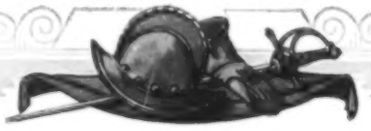

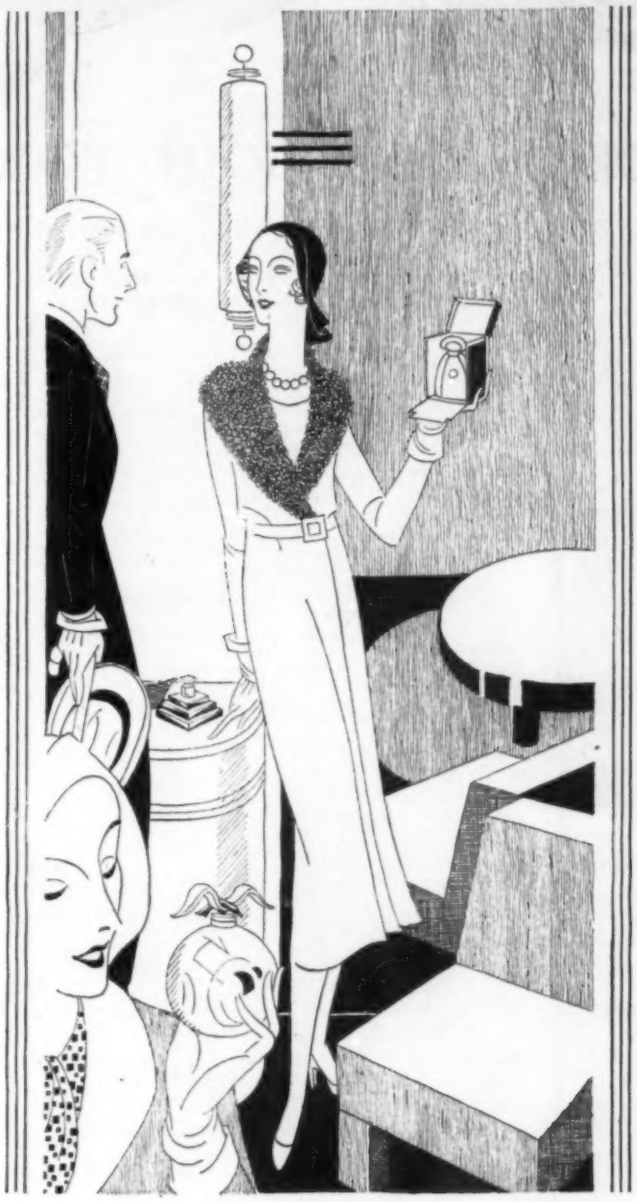

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Three Sisters," Chekhov's fine play. (Fri. and Thurs. Eves., Oct. 24 and 30.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Sat. Mats., Oct. 25 and Nov. 1; Mon. Eve., Oct. 27.) . . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Sat., Tues., and Fri. Eves., Oct. 25, 28, and 31; Thurs. Mat., Oct. 30.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen revival. (Wed. Eve., Oct. 29.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque" and "The Green Cockatoo." (Sat. Eve., Nov. 1.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Zoë Akins' amusing dialogue set in a play about three young ladies who'd rather not work and yet like eating and drinking. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—An airy anecdote about a transient Casanova who wanted to be sure he wouldn't be lonely. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Bijou, 45, W.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman Bel Geddes. An excellent cast including Ernest Truex and Blanche Yurka. If you are shocked, don't ever speak to us again. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

MR. GILHOOLEY—Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair in a sad little love-affair in a Dublin garret, showing that Youth Cannot Wed to Age. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 25.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—How it feels to be very old and yet look very young. Edith Barrett is the unfortunate old-young lady, with Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright to trail along with her. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E.)

THE NINTH GUEST—Nothing that will hurl you out of your seats, but a fair enough tale of how six guests met their deaths in a penthouse. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hollywood put on the pan in the most delicious cooking of the season. Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, and Mr. G. S. Kaufman are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ONE, TWO, THREE!—Arthur Byron in a tour de force, keeping pretty consistently funny for an hour and a half without stopping talking while he turns a taxi-driver into a count from sheer exhaustion. Ruth Gordon shines in a curtain-raiser, "The Violet." (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

SOLID SOUTH—Richard Bennett in a pleasant little crack at dat ole debbil Southern Chivalry, in which the ladies choose Yankee bank-accounts. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS—Ivor Novello's cross-section of two floors of a studio apartment, with some nice sentiment upstairs and some perfectly terrible comedy downstairs. With Mr. Novello, Benita Hume, and Lilian Braithwaite. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Mr. Frank Craven in an amusing comedy of his own making, dealing with a house guest who overstayed his time, and what thanks did he get? (Golden, 58, E. 8:40 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—Once more religion and love combine to make a big second act. Mayo Methot as the Salvation Army lassie who found out that a tambourine isn't the only thing in life. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Jane Cowl making good entertainment out of Shakespearean comedy, thereby establishing a record. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:30 P.M.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Life in Greenwich Village, where your friends know where gin is kept. Some very amusing lines in the old setting of newly-married life. (Masque, 45, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BROWN BUDDIES—One of the better Negro revues and one of the best when Bill Robinson is dancing. (Liberty, 42, W. Extra performance Thurs. at midnight.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Displaying, among other things, Mr. Carroll's genius for collecting good comics (Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly) as well as his penchant for collecting dirt. A costly show, with beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—So Joe Cook is in it— (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W.)

THE GARRICK GAIETIES—Excellent topical sketches, pleasant songs, and a general air of romping, all done by the young folks of, or near, the Theatre Guild. Revised edition. (Guild, 52, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 25.)

GIRL CRAZY—Musical comedy that *is* musical comedy, with a Gershwin score, Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, and Ethel Merman. (Alvin, 52, W.)

NINA ROSA—A large, well-sung, well-developed musical comedy about Peru, with everything in excellent working order. Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, and Armida, with a Romberg score. (Majestic, 44, W.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—A great, magnificent piece of comic-opera staging which has probably, by now, been cut to fit an ordinary-sized evening. Evelyn Herbert, Victor Moore, George Grossmith, Robert Halliday and, especially, Jeanne Aubert. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—This has the misfortune of having been preceded by the first "Little Show." Otherwise, it might have seemed better than it does. There is nothing particularly bad about it as it stands, however. With Al Trahan, Marion Harris, and Jay C. Flippen. (Shubert, 44, W.)

THREE'S A CROWD—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman in what we mean by a revue. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—The Marx Brothers will be at the Palace Fri., Oct. 24. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Players in "The Forest Ring," Fri. Afts., Oct. 24 and 31, at 4 (Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium, 148 E. 92.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "Pirates of Penzance," Sat. Afts., Oct. 25 and Nov. 1, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

ROAR, CHINA!—Theatre Guild production of a Soviet play by S. Tretiakow. Opens Mon., Oct. 27. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

ON THE SPOT—A melodrama by Edgar Wallace, with Crane Wilbur. Opens Tues., Oct. 28. (Forrest, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

BLACKBIRDS OF 1930—Second edition of the Negro revue, with Ethel Waters. (Royale, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

CANARIES SOMETIMES SING—Frederick Lonsdale's new comedy, with the London cast. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.)

PAGAN LADY—Lenore Ulric in a play by William DuBois. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—An attractive after-theatre place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Madduxe.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Moss and Fontana in new dances and Libby Holman in new songs. What more could you want? Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—As pleasant as ever. Music by Sherbo's Continentals. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway. Harry Richman, Ethel Merman, and dancing by Cortez and Peggy.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Reopened for the season. Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, as usual. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, recently reopened, with Joe Lewis. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by Broadway celebrities, rowdies, and others who hate to go to bed before sunrise. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, another late rendezvous, with Mme. Florence. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, no curfew, with Texas Guinan presiding. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, with a rough and elaborate revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing place, with Hal Kemp and his orchestra. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—If you are feeling particularly Slavic you might try: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; or The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

(Continued on page 12)

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25 WEST 45TH STREET
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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
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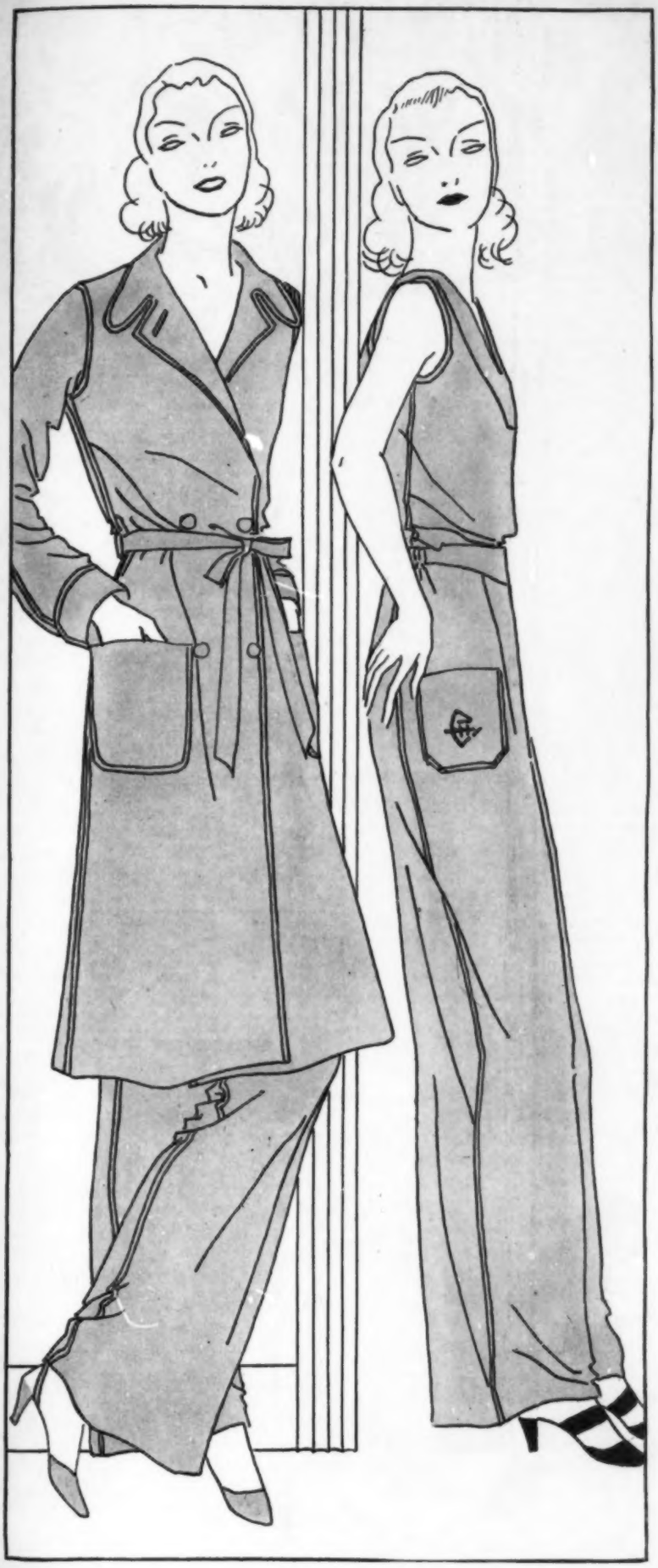

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FIFTH AVENUE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1]

(Continued from page 10)

NOTE—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.*

MOTION PICTURES

ANIMAL CRACKERS—A Long Island houseparty, with the Marx Brothers in fine form. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 25-27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—The best of the aviation pictures, in spite of a very poor story. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLIDAY—The terrible plight of being very rich, from the Philip Barry play. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 25-28; and Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 29-31; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

LINCOLN—The great Legend, in the D. W. Griffith manner, with first-rate acting by Walter Huston. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

MOBY DICK—Talkie version of the Melville tale, of value for its fine sea scenes. With John Barrymore again. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 25-27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE OFFICE WIFE—The story of the secretary and the big businessman, very well presented by Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—From Galsworthy's play, with George Arliss again as the quick-witted octogenarian. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

OUTWARD BOUND—Beautifully acted and photographed; from the play of life after death. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE SILENT ENEMY—The wilderness of the Far North with careful pictures of the Ojibway Indians and their manner of living. Silent. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 25-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WHOOPEE—The Ziegfeld-Cantor show transposed to the screen with more assurance than is usual with these things. All in color. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—A Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German. (55th Street, 55, E.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Africa Speaks," a trip through the wilderness, with some striking and unusual moments; "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes; "The Big House," some effective inside pictures of prison life; "Monte Carlo," a gay light piece with music, Jack Buchanan, and Jeanette MacDonald.

ART

COROT AND DAUMIER—Fine examples from all over the world of two of the greatest artists who have influenced this painting age. Don't miss it: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DÉBUT—A handsome new gallery makes its bow with some accepted Frenchmen: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Braque, Delacroix, Derain, Ingres, Matisse, Rouault, Segonzac, and others: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Tues., Oct. 28.

METROPOLITAN—An exhibition of Mexican art is on view in Gallery D-6 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Havemeyer collection can be found in Galleries 20-25, through Sun., Nov. 2. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MORE FRENCH—Cézanne, Corot, Degas, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, and others. Opening Mon., Oct. 27: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

PARISIANS—Bonnard, Vuillard, and Roussel. Not great but popular painters of Paris: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Oct. 25.

PASCIN—Drawings and water colors by the late genius. Also Braque, Picasso, Derain, etc.: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—If you have your tickets now: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 25, at 2:30.

GORDON STRING QUARTET—Session of chamber music by gifted performers: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 25.

MARY GARDEN AND WALTER GIESEKING—Debussy—and they know how: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 25.

ENGLISH SINGERS—Madrigals, ballets, and other pleasures: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 25.

MISCHA LEVITZKI—Plenty of good piano-playing: Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, Sat. Eve., Oct. 25.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH—Only recital this season by one of the masters: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 28.

FRANCES SEBEL—Opportunity to hear some unusual Spanish and Hungarian songs: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Tues. Eve., Oct. 28.

JAN SMETERLIN—Début of a Polish pianist who comes highly recommended: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 29.

OLGA AVERINO—Unusually interesting song program, with none less than Siloti at the piano: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 29.

JOSÉ ITURBI—Last year's piano sensation returns: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 31.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI—Paderewski: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 1.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY — Kleiber conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Oct. 24, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 26; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 30, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 31, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Oct. 25, at 11 (Children's Concert); Sat. Morn., Nov. 1, at 11 (Young People's Concert).

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Janacek's "Festival Mass." Bodanzky conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Oct. 26, at 4.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Oct. 28.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—Opening week of season: "Aida." Mon. Eve., Oct. 27, at 8; "Die Walküre," Wed. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8; "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 30, at 8; "L'Africana," Fri. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8; "The Flying Dutchman," Sat. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Nov. 1, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Oct. 24 and 31, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Oct. 25 and Nov. 1, at 9:30, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Schelling conducting (Children's Concert): Sat. Morn., Oct. 25, at 11, over WABC. . . . Kleiber conducting: Sun. Aft., Oct. 26, at 3, over WABC.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist, with orchestra: Sun. Eve., Oct. 26, at 8, over WJZ.

LUCREZIA BORI—Soprano soloist, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Oct. 26, at 9:15, over WEAF.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Verbrugghen conducting: Mon. Eve., Oct. 27, at 9, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Oct. 27, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Oct. 28, at 9:30, over WABC.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—Addressing the League of Nations Union banquet, broadcast from London: Thurs. Aft., Oct. 30, at 4:45, over WEAF and WABC.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Oct. 25: Yale vs. Army, at 1:45, over WJZ; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at 2, over WEAF; Notre Dame vs. Pittsburgh, at 1:45, over WABC; Princeton vs. Navy, at 2, over WOR. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 1: Yale vs. Dartmouth, at 2, over WEAF; Chicago vs. Princeton, at 2:45, over WABC; Columbia vs. Cornell, at 2:15 over WOR. (See "SPORTS" below.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at end of this item.)

Sat., Oct. 25—Yale vs. Army, New Haven, 2 P.M. (The Cadets will parade in the Bowl at 1:30 P.M.) . . . Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Soldiers Field, Boston, 2 P.M. . . . Columbia vs. Williams, Baker Field, 2:30 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Drexel, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M.

Sat., Nov. 1—Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. William and Mary, Soldiers Field, Boston, 2 P.M. . . . Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field, 2 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. West Virginia, Polo Grounds, 2 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, Lewisohn Stadium, 2 P.M.

Note—There will be a professional game at the Polo Grounds, Wed., Oct. 29, at 8:15 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218; take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. Subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136; take B'way subway to 137 St. or Bus No. 5. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:15 P.M. (special train); for Boston, from Grand Central, 7 A.M.

HUNT RACE MEETS—Essex Fox Hounds: Far Hills, N.J., Sat. Aft., Oct. 25. . . . West Hills Racing: Huntington, L.I., Sat. Aft., Nov. 1.

RACING—Empire City Track, Yonkers: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

RODEO—Annual invasion of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 8:15 P.M., and Fri. and Sat. at 2:15 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 1.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Antique furniture, Oriental rugs, tapestries, silver, and textiles: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 24 and 25, at 2:15. . . . Rare and valuable books: Mon. Eve., Oct. 27, at 8:15. . . . Early American furniture: Thurs. Aft., Oct. 30, at 2:15. . . . The Benzaria collection of antique Spanish furniture and art objects: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, at 2:15.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GOOD morning, children. Did anyone bring a *Herald Tribune* to class, as I requested? Good! Now, let us turn to the first page and read the article by former President Coolidge, as a lesson in grammar. Willie Saunders, you read the first sentence.

"We have in this country a certain type of officeholder, fortunately not large, who . . . "

That's enough. Now, what does the phrase "fortunately not large" modify? Modifies "type"? That is correct. Mr. Coolidge is evidently referring to small, wizened officeholders. Read another sentence, Willie.

"All the predominant political opinion of the nation which is worth cultivating is never impressed by decisions made for effect."

All right. To what does the relative pronoun "which" refer? You say you don't know and don't care? Willie Saunders! Haven't you ever heard of a nation which is worth cultivating? Who will read the next sentence? All right, Marjorie, you read it.

"Those who compose that body . . ."

Just a minute. Those who compose

what body, Marjorie? You don't *know* what body? Don't you understand a word of what Coolidge is talking about? You don't? Very well, children, let us put the *Tribune* away. Has anyone a Monday's *Mirror?*

GONE is George Mayer, the man who attended first nights. That was all he was known for: he was the man who went to openings and took his mother. It was a career in itself. Why he spent all his evenings in the theatre seems strange, yet not so strange, either. To attend premières as a private citizen, sitting in a paid seat and under no obligation to a newspaper or magazine to rush off and write a review of the play, is a pleasure. Surrounded, as Mr. Mayer always was, by an audience made up in large part of hard-working—well, *pretty* hard-working—critics, he must have enjoyed the light prickle of irresponsibility, the warm flush of relaxation. Even aside from that advantage, he must have known the fascination of first

nights. Never again does a show possess the particular electrical vigor that carries it through its opening—even though in later performances it becomes smoother and better. The one moment, just before the rise of the curtain, is never recaptured. Mr. Mayer must have known something about that, must have liked it: the dark house, the cigarette-lighters winking here and there in the rich gloom, the glowing promise of the footlights.

THE life of a first-nighter is not as simple as it sounds, either. There are decisions to make. When three or four shows open on a single evening, he must decide which to attend. Last week, had he been alive, Mr. Mayer would have had to decide between the Libby Holman show, where he would have met his friends, and "Twelfth Night," where he would have seen Gene Tunney.

THE Navy League of the United States has written us, asking if we wouldn't write an editorial on the

Navy, in honor of Navy Day. Sure we will. Lack of space, however, compels us to combine the Navy editorial with an editorial we are writing on Heywood Broun—a difficult feat were it not that Mr. Broun is soluble in seawater and always looks sideways at a battleship. We shall call the editorial "Elect Heywood Broun and Get Rid of the Navy by Navy Day 19 1." Mr. Broun is the only political person we ever knew to advocate getting rid of battleships without negotiations—that is, without regard to what other nations do. We don't know how he intends to accomplish this, or whether it is sound; but if he does contemplate such a thing, Navy Day is the time to talk about it. In the main we favor the idea. This country is a little bit suspicious of the Navy, and the Navy knows it—otherwise it wouldn't spend so much time and money for propaganda. Mr. Broun (to return to him) is an impractical man, but as far as that goes, he is no more impractical than the United States Navy (to

return to it). Only an extremely impractical and over-capitalized organization like the Navy would have written us requesting an editorial, and only an equally impractical and idealistic person like Broun can properly represent our interests in Congress—involving, as they do, the Navy's ultimate dissolution on the grounds that we can't think up a yearly editorial on *any* subject.

Unsignificant Art

LAST Wednesday at noon two grim and rather heavy ladies went into an Alice Foote MacDougall tearoom which, like all its sister tearooms, is made to look like some place else. This one looks like a street scene in Florence. Hardly had the ladies got seated when they became uneasy. The cause of it was a large piece of crimson cloth draped over a balcony railing. After some debate one of them arose and sought out a hostess. "I want to know," she demanded, "if that red cloth has any special significance." The hostess smiled, and explained that it merely lent a spot of color, that was its only purpose. The lady went back to her table to report. Her companion wasn't satisfied, however, and she also sought out the hostess, who again explained. Just a spot of color, nothing more. "Well," said the uneasy lady, "all right then. My friend and I have just come from a meeting of the D. A. R. where we discussed Bolshevism and we thought for a moment—well, if that cloth had any such significance, we neither of us would set foot in this place again."

Arrivals

GYPSIES move into town with the cold weather. They return with something of the regularity of society people coming back from the hot springs and the sulphur springs. We noticed a few gypsies the other day in the street, and have since been trying to find out more about them.

Usually they make camp in vacant stores, over in Avenue A and B, renting the stores at cheap rates, hanging up their bright blankets over the door, parking their ramshackle old touring cars in the street. The cops seldom bother them, if they keep out of mischief. There are about a hundred of them in town now—vivid spots of color even in the kaleidoscopic East Side. There are some in Astoria and occasionally some in Harlem, both those districts being traditional campsites.

Horse-stealing and performing bears were the major gypsy occupations in years gone by, but at present fortune-telling is the chief profession. The old women tell fortunes in East Side tenements; the young boys and girls dance gypsy dances in Second Avenue restaurants. Joseph Moskowitz, owner of the Original Moskowitz Roumanian Restaurant, is always glad to see them in his place, we are told; he stops the orchestra when they come in, gets out his cymbalon, and himself plays for the dancing.

Probably the person who knows most about gypsies is Professor Irving Brown, of Columbia, who has lived with gypsies all over the world, speaks six Romany dialects, has many gypsy friends, and goes to gypsy weddings whenever he can. He says there are probably between fifty and a hundred thousand gypsies in the United States, and that the number is increasing all the time. State and city authorities used to make quite an effort to corral the gypsy children for public schools, but it was a hopeless job: the youngsters' parents always helped them evade the truant officer. Romany is still spoken by gypsies, although it is colored by the language of the country in which the gypsies dwell. In this country, for instance, a word like "*vasival*," which means "sick," becomes "*vasivalness*" to mean "sickness." Professor Brown told us about one wedding he went to—a marvellous spectacle. There were four hundred gypsies present, in a big East Side dance hall, and the couple were married according to Christian ritual. Gypsies are inclined to adopt the religion they happen to find prevailing; but with tongue in cheek.

Another authority on gypsies is Mr. George F. Black, of the Public Library staff, who once compiled a list of forty-six hundred books about them. Some years ago Mr. Black knew a gypsy family in Providence, Rhode Island, who were worth two hundred thousand dollars and owned six houses. They lived in a tent in the backyard of one of them. Gypsies can never give up the open sky, any more than they can give up the "*hokkano baro*," the "great trick," which consists in getting a man's wallet on the promise to increase the money that is in it, and returning it with instructions that it must not be looked into for ten minutes.

Hard Job

IT had been a hard day for the law firm. A case had gone wrong. A couple of underlings were sick, one partner was missing. The water-cooler had broken down, too. Tired, disappointed, and touched with melancholy, the senior partner went out to take the elevator on his way home.

"George," he said to the colored operator, "how would you like to swap jobs with me?"

"Well, suh," said George, "dese heah elevators mighty tricky. Mighty tricky. Ah don' think you could handle 'em."

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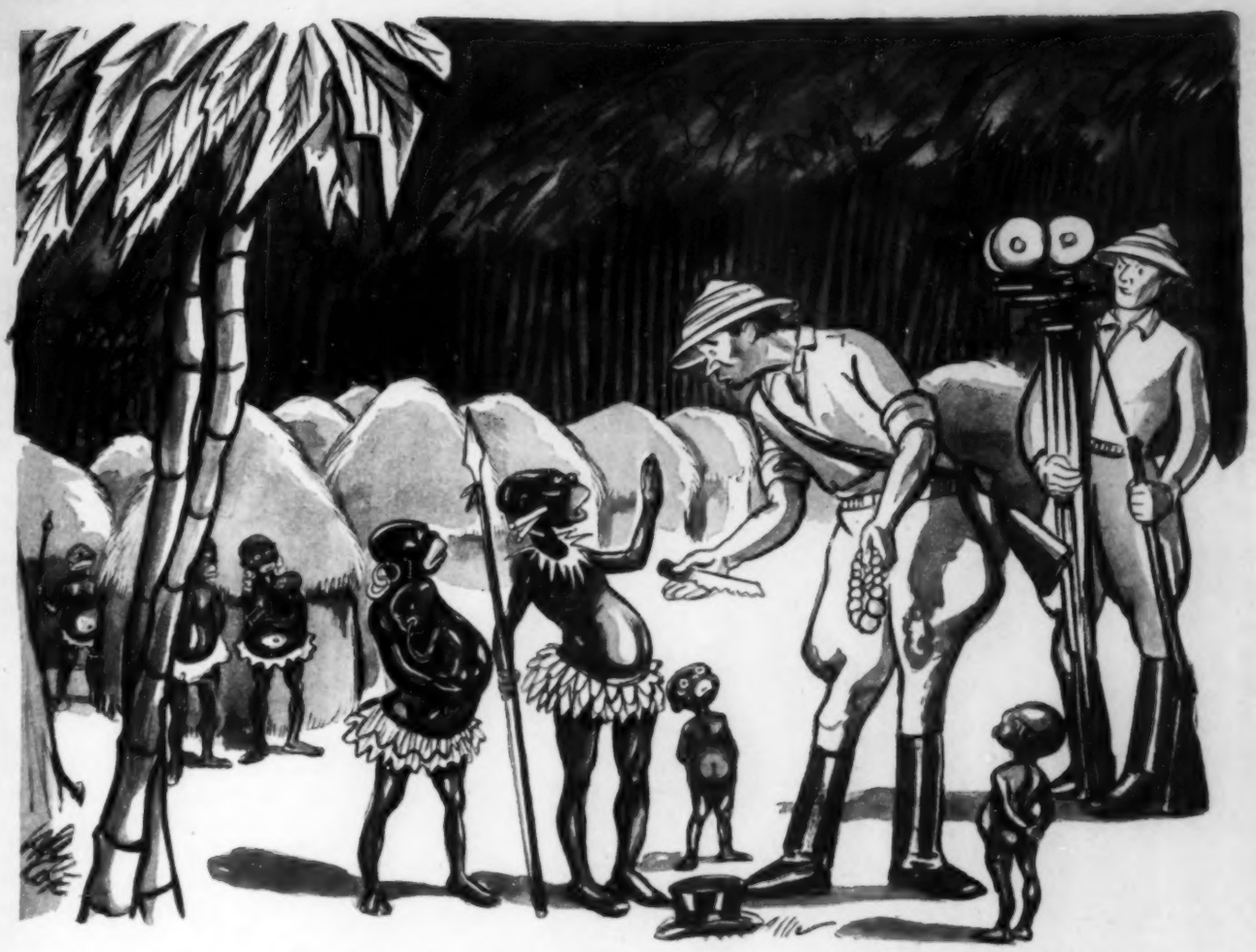
DEAR, dear! we know a lady who bought a book at Brentano's and charged it. The name of the book was "The Gods Are Athirst," and the lady read it and felt she was getting ahead. You can perhaps appreciate her agitation when she received, at the end of the month, Brentano's bill for: " 'Gods Are Atheists' $5." It left her right where she started.

Cops' Friend

TWELVE or fifteen years ago, Mr. Edward Sykes, the banker, read a piece in the papers about a rookie cop who had been on the Force only thirty minutes when he waded into a gun battle, took a lead slug in the heart, and was brought home dead to his bride, a stranger in New York. Mr. Sykes wondered what would be done for the widow of the young man who engaged in a fight to the death for some thirty-odd dollars a week. He found out, soon enough, that very little would be done, unless he did it. So he provided for the widow and telegraphed money for her parents to come to New York. After that he watched for similar stories, and aided other widows, once caring for seven children whose father had been killed in the line of duty. He couldn't, however, look after the dependents of the whole Force, and one day eleven years ago he invited a number of wealthy friends of his to a dinner at the Bankers Club—Coleman du Pont, Barron Collier, Herman Metz, Walter Scott, and half a dozen others. Sykes asked them for fifty thousand dollars and got it. The interest on the money was to be used to help



"Nothing doing! We can do better with the Paramount-Mayer-Goldwyn people."

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policemen injured in action and to take care of the dependents of those killed. This was the genesis of the present Police Relief Fund, which now has a capital of nearly three million dollars.

Mr. Sykes has helped policemen and their families in all parts of the globe. He has more honorary police medals and holds more honorary police offices than anyone else. He is, in this way, chief of police of Tokio, Hongkong, Bombay, Mexico City, Bermuda, and a dozen other places. Enright made him honorary chief here, a title which passed when that commissioner left office, but he still has his insignia with a big diamond in it. When, in 1924, Enright phoned him and said he wanted to see him about police-relief work, Mr. Sykes was genuinely surprised. He didn't think anyone knew about the work he was doing, for he had religiously kept his activities from the public. Mr. Sykes now has thirty or forty ribbons and badges, many God-bless-you letters from police widows and mothers, and a large assortment of nightsticks, blackjacks, knives, and pistols given him by cops he has befriended. He keeps them in trunks and drawers and hanging on the walls and doorknobs of his old white frame house in Baldwin, Long Island.

For a millionaire, the cops' friend lives frugally. He draws a hundred dollars out of the bank every Monday morning, and sees to it that it lasts him all week. He chops wood or mows his lawn before breakfast and, although he has three cars, walks the mile to the railroad station for exercise. His office is at 110 William Street and he goes there four mornings a week, staying only from eleven to twelve.

Mr. Sykes had a lot to do with organizing the old Police Field Days, which were discontinued in 1926, and recalls how Dempsey bought five thousand dollars' worth of tickets the morning after he knocked out Firpo. The banker is fifty-six, a large-framed man with a tanned and unlined face, white hair, and striking black eyebrows—looks, in fact, a whole lot like a police commissioner of the old, or theatre, school. As a matter of fact, he really is a commissioner now, or a deputy commissioner, not honorary, but actual. He was appointed to the job this August, at Long Beach. He examines policemen seeking promotion and directs the disposition of Long Beach's police pension fund.

Child Capone

IN one of the schools in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, a section corresponding roughly to Hell's Kitchen in New York, a sixteen-year-old boy has already gone far in racketeering. Capone's scouts ought, in fact, to keep an eye on him. His school has the monitor system, by which one of the boys is appointed monitor to keep the others in hand, report their misdeeds, etc. This lad was chosen because it was felt his general rowdiness would be curbed by giving him responsibility and authority. It has worked this way: he exacts a dime a week from most of the children under

"What state am I in, Porter?"

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threats of reporting their misdeeds, either actual or fictitious, if they don't "come across." Of course he has had to split his loot with some of the other tough boys, because if he didn't they would take him for whatever passes for a ride among school children in Red Hook. Thus there is a regular gang. Of course, under the gang's system, very few children are reported for misdeeds—they pay their dimes. The teachers are proud of the school's splendid record for good behavior.

Lights! Lights!

THE Westinghouse Company is having an exhibition in the Grand Central Palace, just to show you what can be done with electricity these days, and the things that go on there are likely to keep you in a continual state of confusion. To give you an idea: The principal feature is a section of city street lined with shows, theatres, factories, the whole taking up an entire floor. This is called Mazda Avenue. Well, the first thing your guide does is to ask you to blow on a little black cylinder, like a telephone receiver. You blow, and all the lights in Mazda Avenue go out. The tube, it seems, is something like a thermostat, so delicate that the warmth of your breath affects it sufficiently to throw a switch. It's a new device and they don't yet quite know what to do with it. One thing they have thought of is making an attachment for music racks so that musicians may turn their sheets merely by blowing, but this would only make life doubly difficult for wind-instrument players. Following this demonstration you light a match near one of the electric-light fixtures and Mazda Avenue becomes all aglow again. The last trick is worked by a photo-electric cell which breaks or makes an electric current as it is exposed to light or darkness. It's one of the latest things in invention and does a lot to astonish you later in the exhibit. For instance, you look in at an automobile agency halfway down the Avenue. Here the door is closed. You switch on the lights of a car in front of it, and the door rolls open. You drop into the factory. Here a window is illuminated as in broad daylight. The light dims, as of dusk coming on, and when it reaches the proper shade of darkness, the interior lights are turned on automatically. Both applications of the photo-electric cell. Mazda Avenue at one point crosses an intersection. Just back from the corner in the side-street a photo-electric cell is sunk into the pavement directly beneath an arc-light. Whenever a motor-car halts there it places the cell in darkness and it throws a switch which turns on a traffic light giving the crosstown traffic right of way. Otherwise the Avenue gets a green light indefinitely. The idea soon will be applied to country roads and to streets at night, they say. Banks are thinking of the cell too, to put in front of safes and sound an alarm at the shadow of a marauder.

The exhibit also includes a miniature airport and a miniature railway system with all the latest electrical wonders, all pretty incomprehensible.

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A YOUNG lady, carrying a suitcase and evidently not quite at ease in the city, boarded a subway express at Penn Station the other day. She sat for a while, watching nervously as the train went roaring northward, and then went out to the vestibule, tapped the guard gently on the shoulder, and said: "Please stop at Ninety-sixth Street."

Nothing Daunted

YOU remember our mentioning a letter that Kenneth Macgowan got from The Cohens, playbrokers, of Hollywood, inquiring whether his play "Twelfth Night" had any talkie possibilities? The correspondence didn't end there. Mr. Macgowan replied to The Cohens, saying that he did not control the picture rights to the play, and that they would have to get in touch with the author, through Sir Archibald Flower, Festival Theatre,

Stratford-on-Avon, England. We will be gol darned if The Cohens didn't take the hint. They wrote Sir Archibald—who had meanwhile been tipped off. "Dear Sir," they wrote, "Mr. Kenneth Macgowan of New York City referred us to you in answer to an enquiry of ours pertaining to the talking picture rights of the play TWELFTH NIGHT, which he and his associates are producing in New York at the present time with Miss Jane Cowl. If these rights are available and you still control them, would you be so good as to forward us a manuscript of this play together with the selling prices for picture purposes at your earliest convenience. Thanking you, we are yours very truly, THE COHENS. Albert J. Cohen."

Sir Archibald replied that he was turning down all movie offers because the play had gone big in England—so big, in fact, that a special theatre was being built for it, toward which more than a million dollars had already been contributed, and didn't The Cohens want to come in, along with Otto Kahn, Clarence Mackay, the King of Egypt, and the Emir of Afghanistan? He mentioned the author of the play in passing. Said he was dead.

Wit's End

NEW YORK motor sarcasm goes flat in Panama, a returning tourist says. Driving his car in a crooked, drowsy street in that city, his patience was tried by a Negro taxi-driver who wouldn't speed up and who couldn't be passed because of the narrowness of the way. Finally he did succeed in getting past, and as he went by he hollered: "Where's the body?" This had an electric effect upon the cabman, who speeded up and clung to the tail of the visitor's car until he got to his destination, some blocks further. As the latter stopped, the Negro pulled up beside him. "What body?" he demanded.

House of Courtade

THE tragic collapse of the building at 15 Greenwich Avenue a fortnight or so ago will have more far-reaching effects than perhaps most people know. Lovers of good coffee as far away as China will be affected by it; here, people, patrons of the Lafayette and the Brevoort, for instance, have already suffered. The reason is that when the building fell the coffee-blending shop of Evariste Courtade was wiped out.

Courtade and his wife, Victorine, hailed from the Pyrenees. Thirty years ago they set up a little shop in West Twenty-sixth Street selling coffees roasted and blended after Courtade's own formula. Ten years later they moved to the building in Greenwich Avenue. Five years after this he died. Madame Courtade, with her mother and daughter, carried on the business, and successfully. It was a dim little place with three small painted coffee tins in the window, indicating the three types of coffee—light, medium, or dark roast—the customer might buy. A certain choice was offered also in the kind of container one could have. One might buy one's coffee in a plain blue bag tied with a red-and-white string, or one might pay two cents more a pound and have it in a pasteboard box bearing the name "Evariste Courtade" and the shield of the Republic of France. The coffee was long famous. William Gillette, the actor, used to carry a supply of it with him. Sarah Bernhardt, as long as she lived, had it served in her dressing-room between the acts.

Madame Courtade and her daughter were killed when the building fell but the grandmother was saved by an arching of beams and taken out unhurt by the police and firemen. A little safe in which the formula was kept was unharmed. As, long ago, various great companies had tried to buy the Courtade secret, perhaps now the grandmother will dispose of it, and the coffee will be obtainable again.

"I'm sure glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Burlington."
"Oh, that's all right!"

Discipline

IT was in a very famous hairdresser's, says our informant, that a nine-year-old boy, whose mother was being coiffed, began to get restless. First he shouted, and then he began to throw things. The exasperated mother finally took the situation in hand. "Hubert," she called sharply, "unless you stop this minute, Mother will have to take another aspirin!"
—THE NEW YORKERS

"Why Vicar! Y'know, I thought of asking you to my party, but then I thought, oh what the hell."

THE GREAT DISAPPEARANCE MOVEMENT (1934–1937)

ON February 17, 1934, General A. Livingston Griff disappeared. He had been lunching, as usual, at the Poison Gas and Chemical Warfare Club, and at precisely 2:41 (according to the testimony of Patrick Jannis, the veteran doorman) he had emerged from the Club, entered a taxi, and driven off. He was not seen again.

Griff was not the sort of man who could disappear without creating a stir. Four official investigations were instituted; a reward of ten thousand dollars was offered for the recovery of Griff. Persons with criminal records were arrested by the score, only to be discharged. Jannis, the doorman of the P.G. & C.W. Club, was held as a material witness. It was discovered that he made a strange hobby of collecting metal bottle-caps (he had amassed thousands of them), and that he had once slapped the face of a female tramguard in Liverpool; but, in the end, the police were obliged, reluctantly, to release him.

Rumors that Griff had been seen washing dishes in the kitchen of an Evansville eating-house; that he was incarcerated in a Bavarian insane asylum suffering from the delusion that he was Lindbergh; that he was exhibiting his war wounds and begging for alms on the Pont Royal; that he was hiding in the archives of the War College—these and countless other reports quickly gained credence. Rivers were dredged, swamps drained, cemeteries ransacked, but all to no avail.

Then, suddenly, came the astonishing news that, on the very day of his disappearance, Griff had extracted from his safe-deposit box the sum of eighty-four thousand dollars in cash—exactly the price paid two months previously by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for a magnificent painting by Rousseau, the Douanier! This threw a different light upon the entire affair. True, it could not be proven that Griff had ever heard of Rousseau, the Douanier, nor indeed had he ever been known to manifest the slightest interest in the art of painting. The painting had not disappeared; neither had any of the Trustees of the Metropolitan (not then, at any rate!). But the press and the police admitted that the coincidence was too striking to be dismissed. Accordingly, the latter now proceeded upon a new theory. So did the former.

It was on March 19, precisely thirty-two days after the disappearance of Griff, and while the press and the police were still proceeding upon their new theories, that Wilma Dale disappeared. She was opening that night in a bright little comedy from the English, entitled "Others May If They Choose," and, at the conclusion of her second-act scene with her leading man, Clem Dorring, she walked off the stage and was not seen again. The curtain of the third act was held back for ten, for fifteen, for twenty minutes, while actors, stagehands, and a frantic management searched for Miss Dale; it was useless. She was not in her dressing-room, she was not in Clem Dorring's dressing-room, she was not in anyone's dressing-room. She was nowhere.

AT length the management was obliged to explain nervously to a clamoring audience that Miss Dale was "indisposed." But the truth could not long be concealed and the morning press blared forth the news of Miss Dale's disappearance. (Ainsworth Link, the brilliant young dramatic critic of the *Herald Tribune*, created a minor journalistic sensation by heading his review: "Miss Dale Makes Her First Public Disappearance." That very afternoon, the *World* offered Link a five-years' contract at twenty-five thousand dollars per year, which he accepted.)

For a time, the police attempted to connect Miss Dale's disappearance with that of General Griff. It could not be shown that the two had ever met except once, sixteen years previously, when both had been guests at the annual dinner of the Grand Street Boys' Association. But the fact that Miss Dale had withdrawn from her bank account a large sum in cash, which had disappeared with her, seemed clearly to establish a connection between her case and the General's.

Eleven days later, Raymond W. B. Cunninghame disappeared. He simply put on his hat, stepped out of his office, entered an express elevator, and walked out into the cold sunlight of a March afternoon, never to be seen again. An examination of his safe disclosed the abstraction of a considerable sum in cash. It is no exaggeration to say that the public-utilities world was rocked to its foundations.

During the month of April, there were seven disappearances. Miss Ethelinda Memling, headmistress of the Memling School for Girls, put down her Chardenal abruptly in the middle of the conjugation of the verb "*pouvoir*," walked quickly out of the classroom—and did not return!

O. O. Ringweather, veteran chairman of the Board of the Merchants and Marines First National, telephoned to his secretary at 11:14 that he was on his way to the dentist's and would not arrive at the bank until 12:30. He never arrived. The dentist (an Armenian) had never heard of him. The telephone call was traced by the overworked police to a cigarstore at the corner of Third Avenue and Forty-ninth Street.

Daniel Daniel, the novelist and horseman, telegraphed to his wife: "Will not be home tonight." On the fourth day, feeling anxious, she consulted the police. Their search revealed nothing. The telegraph operator recalled that Daniel had walked out without waiting for his change. She was held as a material witness.

State Senator Apthorp had been seen entering his room in the Ten Eyck shortly after midnight; but next morning the room was empty. There was a broken bay-rum bottle in the bathroom, but the bed had not been occupied.

"Charlie" Utteridge, the ex-tennis star, and his fiancée, Mrs. Etta Selig, were observed lunching together at the San Gemignano Dainties Shop. It was the last time they were seen anywhere. (This was the first joint disappearance—but by no means the last!)

Finally Sven Hjalborg, the Theatre Guild's Finnish expert, remarking that he was just going next door to the speakeasy "to get something for his cold," kissed his wife affectionately (the legality of their marriage had been questioned), and walked off, without troubling to take his hat (the evening was a mild one).

The police were baffled. And when May brought with it twenty-two disappearances of persons prominent in the professional, social, financial, and half worlds, the Department simply adopted the policy of ignoring the entire business and turned its attention to something else.

IN the first week of June, there were ten disappearances. In the second week, Mrs. Zenita Sisterlake announced her intention of giving a disappearance weekend at her summer home

in the Hamptons. All the world held its breath. The list of guests comprised forty of the flower of the Long Island aristocracy. On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Sisterlake's secretary informed the press that thirty-six of the participants, including the hostess, had disappeared. Of the four who had failed to disappear, three were rival social leaders of Mrs. Sisterlake's, who might well have been suspected of ulterior motives. The fourth was eccentric Old Timothy Inklass, the copper man, who had forgotten the closing-hour of his safe-deposit vault and had therefore been unable to remove the rather stupendous amount of bullion which his strongbox contained.

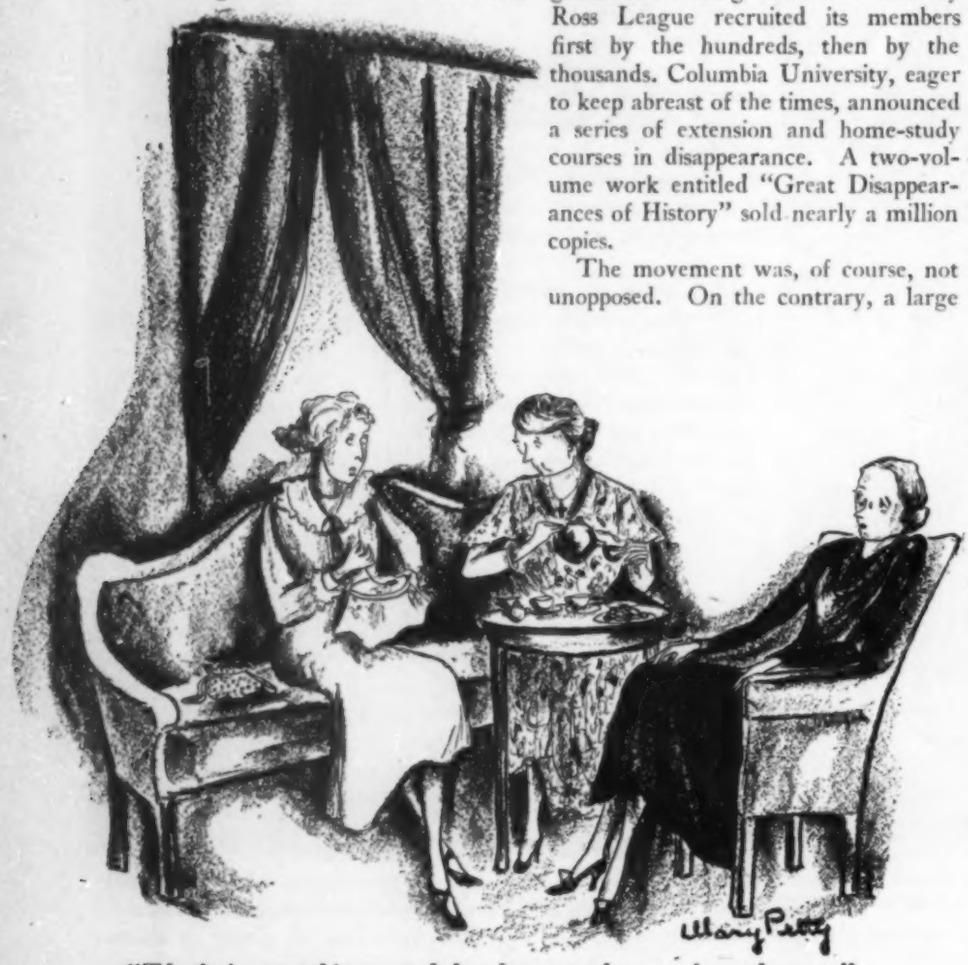
NOW that the disappearing movement had received the cachet of the Long Island set, there was no stopping it. At all the smart resorts, disappearance teas, disappearance garden parties, disappearance masquerades, disappearance hunts, became the features of the summer season. A certain fashionable Madison Avenue establishment created a variety of chic disappearance costumes that instantly caught the fancy of its gilded clientele. The travel agencies found it necessary to set up disappearance departments: disappearance cruises were organized with great success. Certain impoverished gentlemen and gentlewomen replenished their fortunes by giving little private lessons in the art of disappearance at so much per hour.

The generality of the population was not slow to follow in the footsteps of its social superiors. By the beginning of the winter the popularization of disappearing had already made considerable headway. Pamphlets, articles, books, lectures dealing with this or that phase of disappearance, clamored for public attention—and received it. The movement struck downward in the social fabric and broadened. Before long the great middle class was infected. Parents awoke to find that their children had disappeared in the night. Little ones cried out in vain for vanished parents. Disappearance pacts became matters of daily occurrence. Suburban husbands disappeared in the vastnesses of Grand Central Terminal, heedless of waiting—or, too often, disappearing!—wives. An organization calling itself the Charley Ross League recruited its members first by the hundreds, then by the thousands. Columbia University, eager to keep abreast of the times, announced a series of extension and home-study courses in disappearance. A two-volume work entitled "Great Disappearances of History" sold nearly a million copies.

The movement was, of course, not unopposed. On the contrary, a large body of sober citizens, led by the more orthodox clergy, endeavored to stem the rising tide. They pointed out what they regarded as the inherent immorality of the growing tendency to disappear. They even succeeded—by the use of methods which, it must be admitted, were not above reproach—in persuading a pliant legislature to make disappearing a penal offence. But, in practice, the law was found to be unenforceable, due to the fact that our criminal procedure—based, as it is, upon the old English common law—demands the presence of the defendant in court: a demand which could not easily be met.

Besides, the law ran counter to public sentiment. "Has the Individual the Right to Disappear?" was the moot question of the day. The popular answer was overwhelmingly in the affirmative. At length, Banford Carroway, the fiery young iconoclast who occupied the pulpit of the Wanamaker All-Souls' Temple, flung the glove at orthodoxy by boldly announcing as the subject of a sermon: "The Moral Obligation to Disappear." The Temple was crowded to suffocation and loudspeakers carried the message to the eager thousands who waited in Van Cortlandt Park. Carroway was at his brilliant best. He drew dazzling historical analogies, completely confounding his adversaries with the Ten Lost Tribes. At the conclusion of his sermon, he walked into the vestry-room and was never seen again. It was a *tour de force*, of course, but a superb one, and it carried the day; there was no stopping the movement now.

It needed only the commercial genius of Silvio Drown to bring disappearing to the masses. What had, of course, heretofore prevented proletarian participation in the movement had been the deplorable scarcity among the lower classes of safe-deposit boxes, securities, and currency in large amounts. But Drown, sensing that there was a vast potential disappearing public which as yet had not been tapped, staked every penny upon the establishment of a chain of twenty-five-cent safe-deposit vaults. He estimated that quantity rentals and a rapid turnover would compensate for the perilously narrow margin of profit. He was right. And when, in another moment of inspiration, he filled his boxes with bundles of prewar European banknotes and with gilt-edged American investment-trust stocks, he actually let loose a force that revolutionized society. For it was



"That's it—nothing much has happened to us since the war."

Silvio Drown, more than any other one man, who brought disappearing within the reach of the slenderest purse.

IT was in the spring of 1935 that Drown made his coup: scarcely a year after the startling and significant disappearance of General Griff. By midsummer the entire populace was throwing itself fervently into the great disappearance movement. By Christmas there was scarcely a home that had not felt its effects.

As the movement gained momentum, striking changes in the social and economic structure became apparent: especially in those vast urban centres where, of course, it achieved its wildest popularity. New York, decimated again and again, dwindled rapidly to a bustling provincial town and then to a scattered but thriving village. The main thoroughfares were still kept open for the use of such vehicular traffic as there was; but in the side-streets kitchen-gardens multiplied, with here and there a little orchard. Goats roamed once more in Harlem, attracted (according to a local wag) by the rich store of phonograph discs and saxophones in which the region abounded. The complete disappearance of all currency necessitated the institution of a system of barter. Thus, a half-pound of butter carried one (on the infrequent train) as far as Scarsdale; for a sack of potatoes one could ride to Albany (but few cared to). In the subway, which still fulfilled its traditional function, the accepted fare became a banana, a new-laid egg, a package of chewing gum, or an autographed first edition of Michael Arlen. A little band of Nature-loving ladies discovered that an automobile filled with rich, brown earth made a charming flower box, and so thousands of abandoned motor-cars were dragged from deserted garages, and arranged along the streets; and soon the gay enamels were eclipsed by the bright pageantry of a myriad blossoms. The great archway of the Municipal Building became a huge grape-arbor and, in the autumn, young men and women pressed the bursting fruit and City Hall Park was the scene of a lusty bacchanal. In the upholstered seats of Roxy's—once a popular motion-picture theatre—meadow larks nested and, in the early morning, filled the vast hall with the melody. A Virginia creeper twined and twined about the spire of the Chrysler Building until, from afar, it seemed a great roaring flame. Wall Street, carpeted with grass, became a communal bowling green. It was an age of peace.

"I hear Gigli took off two pounds this summer."

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ON April 22, 1937, Patrick Jannis was milking his cows in what had once been the reading-room of the Poison Gas and Chemical Warfare Club. The sound of the military tread made him raise his eyes. In the doorway stood a figure that he could not fail to recognize: the martial form of General A. Livingston Griff. The next moment the truth flashed upon Jannis—the General had reappeared! Springing to his feet, he dashed past the General and rushed into the street to spread the news all over New York. Some tried to dismiss the incident as of no consequence, but the sager ones saw its full significance. They knew that it was the beginning of the end.

The next afternoon "Charlie" Utteridge, the ex-tennis star, and Mrs. Etta Selig, his fiancée, demanded admittance to the little tannery that had once been the San Gemignano Dainties Shop. The following Monday, Mrs. Zenita Sisterlake, accompanied by three of her weekend guests, actually rode down Fifth Avenue in an automobile in broad daylight. The back of the disappearance movement was broken.

A few desperate souls tried to stave off the reaction, but it was futile; the tide had swung about. Money began to make its appearance again; wheels turned. Within six months barracks were being erected in Central Park to afford temporary housing for the reappearing multitude. In January, 1938, it was decided to demolish the Chanin, Lincoln, and Empire State Buildings in order to make room for modern skyscrapers. An era had ended.

—ELMER RICE

"The next station is mine."

• •

BOOK REVIEW

SEED. A Novel of Birth Control. By Charles G. Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.

Captain Dan Carter, of Carterville,
Increased and multiplied at will.
To him there were no "if"s or "maybe"s
Connected with the birth of babies.
His wife, Matilda, was a grand old party:
She bore him nine, and all were hearty.

Captain Dan's brother, Stephen Carter,
Begat some six, which is just a starter.
His helpmeet, Lizzie, was always poorly;
She had her babies prematurely.

Captain Dan's sister, who lived next door,
Was fairly fertile. She had four.

Philo Carter, Captain Dan's cousin,
Might well have had an even dozen
Had not his wife, on whom he relied,
Got sick, Page 82, and died.

The first to marry of the growing clan
Was the Captain's daughter, Eva Ann.
She ran away with a ranch-hand, Tony,
And they tilled the soil, which was pretty stony.
From the turn of the century to 1911
Their babes increased from one to seven,
And they still maintained this dizzy pace
Till they'd added twelve to the human race.

The one who hung up the highest score
Was Bart's wife's sister, with
twenty-four.
Her name was Ossip, she was daft and
lazy
And all twenty-four were sick or crazy.

Young Bart Carter had a literary bent,
New York City was the place he went.
He took to himself a second wife,
And they planned a charming,
cultured life.
They hoped their home, though none too
spacious,
Would be attractive, neat, and
gracious.
Alas, to the cause they soon were martyrs:
Bart was a Carter, and you know Carters!
She bore him five. They didn't want more,
So she shut and locked the bedroom door—
A good device for the totally zestless,
Not so good for the young and restless.

They lived in a suburb so Bart could write,
But with toys on the floor he couldn't, quite.
Bart knew an editor, Mildred Bransom,
Wise and intelligent, tall and handsome.
Mildred's apartment had charm and quiet
(Not like home, with its kiddy riot).
Mildred fed him crêpes Suzette,
Which most young authors seldom get.
She urged him to finish his novel, nights,
And paid ten grand for the serial rights.
And once, in a heavy fall of snow,
Bart couldn't make up his mind to go.

When Bart's wife, Peggy, discovered the nest,
She took her quintet promptly West.
Bart sought Mildred and they lived in sin,
With all Bart's royalties coming in.
They went to Sicily and bought a donkey,
And every little thing was dory-hunky,
Till Bart discovered that he missed his boys
With their Carter faces and their Carter noise,
And learned that births had dropped in the nation
Per hundred thousand population.

Giving his mistress an even break,
He made the first train he could make;
He found his wife in Carterville,
And there, I guess, they all are still.
In any event we have reached our goal—
We have waded through a novel of birth control.
Its moral should make all ladies brighter:
Never shut your door on a fiction-writer.

—E. B. W.

WHEN WITCHES RIDE

IT was half-past three on Sunday afternoon. The Bixbys had breakfasted and had read the Sunday papers. Mrs. Bixby stood looking out the window wistfully. She was usually wistful on Sunday afternoons, feeling vaguely, after Saturday nights, that something was wrong with the world. On Sunday afternoons she looked back on her youth, which had been spent in a small Middle-Western town, and told Mr. Bixby about the good times she used to have and the crazy things she used to do. Mr. Bixby was politely silent during these recitals. He had always lived in New York and had had no childhood.

They had a four-room apartment in Central Park West with windows overlooking the Park. It was a very pleasant apartment with green enamel fixtures in the bathroom, Early American furniture in the bedrooms, and plenty of ashtrays in the living-room. But on Sundays it didn't suit Mrs. Bixby at all.

The crispness of the October day and the falling leaves in the Park suddenly gave her an idea. "Charles," she said, turning to Mr. Bixby, who lay on the couch smoking and staring at the ceiling, "when is Halloween?"

"Halloween?" asked Mr. Bixby.

"It's the last day in October and that would be—let me see." She counted on her fingers. "That would be Friday."

"Fish day," said Mr. Bixby.

MRS. BIXBY crossed the room and sat beside Mr. Bixby on the couch. "Charles, let's do something."

"Not today," said Mr. Bixby firmly. "Today I am going to stay right here, all day long."

"I don't mean today. I mean Halloween."

"Well," said Mr. Bixby, "we might go to a show."

"A show!" repeated Mrs. Bixby scornfully. "A show!"

"Or anything you'd like to do."

"I want to give a party," she said. "A real old-fashioned Halloween party. With games and everything."

"What kind of games?"

"Oh, Halloween games," Mrs. Bixby told him. "Have about twelve people. People we really like, like the Jameses and—oh, plenty of others. Wait till I get a paper and pencil."

"What are you going to do?" Mr. Bixby asked.

"I'm going to make a list and write down what we'll have to eat and what we'll do. Where's a pencil?"

"There was one under the telephone table," Mr. Bixby said.

SHE sat down with the paper and pencil. "I'll decorate the room with autumn leaves and berries first. You can carve a pumpkin head for the fireplace and we'll have nuts, apples, and a big bowl of cider."

"Where you going to get the cider?" asked Mr. Bixby.

"Oh, you can get cider anywhere," Mrs. Bixby told him.

"Not hard cider," he said. "You can't give those folks just plain cider." He laughed for the first time that day. "Can you imagine getting old Jesse James over here and giving him plain cider?"

"Well," said Mrs. Bixby doubtfully.

"I can get applejack, but you'll have to give me two weeks on that."

"We can come back to the food and things later," said Mrs. Bixby. "Now for the games. Let's see."

She marked down a "1" on the paper.

"We can duck for apples," she said. "Put them in a big tub."

"Where are you going to put the tub?" asked Mr. Bixby. "If you put

"I want to see one with some fight in it."

"Yoo-hoo, Count, you forgot your hat."

it in here they'll get water all over everything."

"We could put it in the kitchenette," she said. "That has a tiled floor."

"You can't get a tub in that kitchenette."

"We could put the apples in the bathtub."

"Too deep," Mr. Bixby told her. "Besides, someone would knock his teeth out on the edge. You'd better scrap the apple idea."

"We could peel apples and throw the peelings over our right shoulders," she said.

"Good Lord! What would you want to do that for?"

"They make the initials of the person you're going to marry."

"Everybody we know is married," said Mr. Bixby.

"Well," said Mrs. Bixby, "we used to walk down the cellar stairs backward with a mirror. But of course we haven't any stairs except the ones they use in case of fire and they're all lighted. You're supposed to do it in the dark."

"That's out," said Mr. Bixby. "I tell you, why don't you wait until everybody gets here and they can suggest their own games."

"Maybe that would be better," she said. "Now for the food. We might have doughnuts—I can get them at Mary Elizabeth's—and a rum punch. That's kind of wintery."

"I'm not going to feed that gang any of my good rum," Mr. Bixby said. "Nor any of my good Scotch either. Do we ever get anything like that when we go to their houses? Do we?"

"No," agreed Mrs. Bixby. "But you've got to give them something."

"Let them drink gin."

Mrs. Bixby wrote "Two cases ginger ale" on her list.

JUST then the doorbell rang. It was Howard Burgess, a friend of the family. He was very, very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Bixby. "I brought you a little medicine," he said, putting a pint of rye on the table. Mrs. Bixby went to get the glasses.

"Sit down, Howard," Mr. Bixby said. "We were just planning a Halloween party."

"Say, I haven't been to a real Halloween party since I was a kid. What time are you going to have it?"

"Oh, about nine o'clock," said Mrs. Bixby, mixing three drinks.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, just to show my heart's in the right place," he said. "I'll take the whole crowd to Romeo's for dinner first. It's a new place I know in Fifty-third Street. How about it?"

Both Mr. Burgess and Mr. Bixby looked expectantly at Mrs. Bixby. They were anxious to please her.

"That will be wonderful," she said.

—SALLY BENSON

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RANDOM REFLECTIONS

PLATITUDINOUS

Probably a good deal of superciliousness
Is based on biliousness,
For somehow people seem to be proud as peacocks
Of any infirmity, be it hives or dementia praecox.

CAUTIOUS

Affection is a noble quality,
It leads to generosity and jollity;
But it also leads to breach of promise
If you go around lavishing it on red-hot momise.

WOODPILE-RAKING

The reason for much matrimony
Is patrimony.

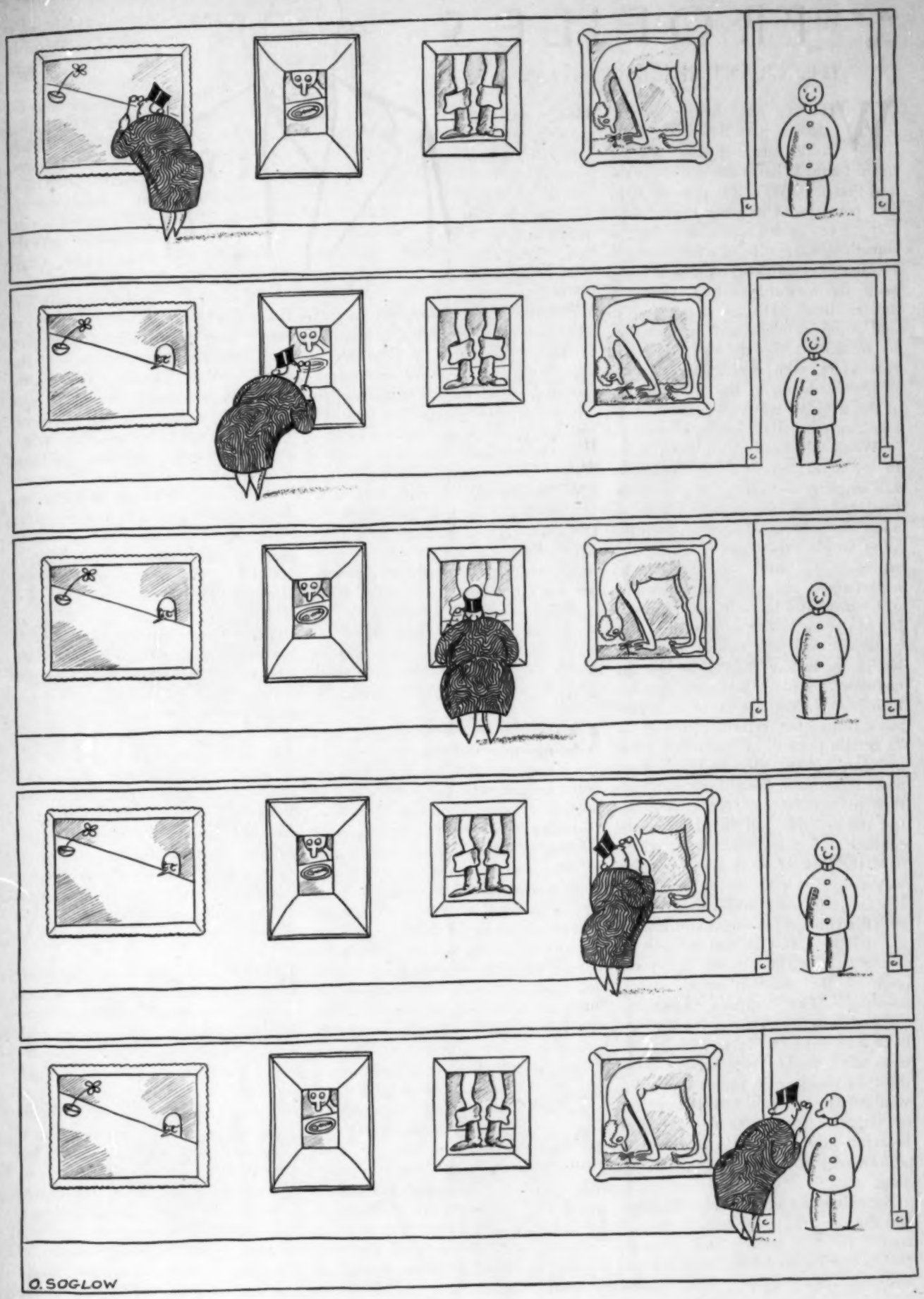
WRONG-HEADED

A man is very dishonorable to sell himself
For anything other than quite a lot of pelf.

INVIDIOUS

To the ignorant the noises composed by Monsieur Ravel
Bear a striking similarity to the Sixth Avenue "L."

—ODGEN NASH


O. SOGLOW

PROFILES

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION—II

David Belasco

WHEN a play doesn't go well Belasco puts down its failure to the cabals of people leagued against him. What is this world of fantasy that he makes real to you—intrigue and pomp, with him the centre of it all? Even in his appearance there is something suggestive of a fairy story—his short, bent, robust, big-boned body, with its forward-pointing shoulders and big head. His hair is thick, silky, and glistening white, and in a point on his forehead hangs the lock which for fifty years, with a characteristic motion of his hand, he has brushed back at the moment when he comes out to take a curtain call at first performances.

When called out, it is a habit of his to say a few words to the audience. His language then is grave and measured, but in private he talks rapidly in a low tone, almost whispering, accentuating words beginning with "s;" his sentences trail into each other and he begins a new one while the pantomime of his hand and face fills up the meaning of the one he left unfinished. This pattern is made still more complicated by his method of talking in abstract quantities, avoiding whenever possible mentioning a definite event or a person's name, but referring instead to "a certain person" or "an unfortunate incident." Sometimes emotion wakens as he remembers things long past, and then the words come out in a flood, fast and orderly. All his vitality seems concentrated in his brown eyes, which have the look of vivid youth peculiar to the eyes of very healthy old men. His face, ruggedly made, is furrowed with deep lines in the cheeks and around the mouth. He says that he feels as young as ever, and every year gives proof to the assertion by the work he does. The company rehearsing "Mima" was driven through a sixteen-hour dress rehearsal by an old gentleman with blazing eyes who assured them in momentary pauses that they would have a day's rest before the opening. He meant the day between breakfast and the curtain of the first performance at eight-twenty that evening.

Sometimes he deliberately exaggerates the accounts of his feats of endurance. He tells with a kind of mischievous pride how long he has been working. His daughter, Mrs. Morris Gest, coming up to see him in the late afternoon or evening, reproves him as he expects her to, perhaps tells him to go to bed. They compromise by going for a drive in the automobile he doesn't own but has rented so long it seems as though it belonged to him. This drive up Riverside or along Fifth Avenue is the only recreation he takes. He lives by himself; all his relatives are dead except Mrs. Gest. He had another daughter, who died as a young woman and is buried in a tomb in a Brooklyn cemetery, where a light is kept burning all the time because in her childhood she used to be afraid in the dark. His wife died four years ago. They had lived apart for years before her death, but were not divorced. He was rehearsing "Lulu Belle" when she died, and for several nights in succession sat up all night beside her bed. In the morning, after half an hour's sleep, he went down to work as usual.

OUTSIDE of his family, the most important influence in Belasco's life is a woman who has never been on the stage and who holds a rather low opinion of it as a serious profession. Her name is Elizabeth Ginty. She used to be his secretary, but she came in time to be a sort of manager and housekeeper, correcting manuscripts with him, planning his meals, and making suggestions about the theatre. She has her own house and her own cook now, but she still prepares everything he eats and sends it over to the Gladstone or his studio in an asbestos hamper. Miss Ginty is an intelligent woman and it has been rumored that her share in shaping the plays he wrote went much further than taking them down in shorthand. Once long ago someone found them on their hands and knees in Belasco's studio picking up and piecing together scraps of the only existing copy of "Madame Butterfly," which they had torn up in an argument. Elizabeth Ginty was a great friend of Mrs. Belasco and the two women conspired to make things go the way they wanted. In Belasco's life, a hurly-burly imbuing most people who enter it with some extreme of adulation or enmity directed toward him, Elizabeth Ginty stands as the warm, human embodiment of common-sense and proper behavior.

Luck, even to the fortunate, rarely vouchsafes more than one Ginty in a lifetime, yet there are a number of people who have dedicated themselves with amazing disinterestedness to Belasco's affairs. There is a fellow named Curry, a conservative, middle-aged man with a slow voice and a photographic memory, whose official title is private secretary but who performs numberless functions unusual for secretaries. He arrives at the Gladstone when Belasco gets up at half-past seven or eight and accompanies him until he goes to bed at two or three; Curry's is the voice that answers you when you telephone D.B., as his staff calls him; it is Curry who sees that the right manuscripts are taken from the hotel to the studio, who tells D.B. when it is time to eat, and if necessary heats and serves the food Miss Ginty has sent over, who runs errands, writes letters, acts as valet if D.B. is doing without a valet, and nurses him if he has a cold or is suffering from one of his headaches. And there are other Gintys; Belasco's bookkeeper, his chief electrician, his casting director, all highly efficient in their fields, could make more money somewhere else but stay with him year after year, held by some illusive quality in him which asserts at all times his right to be taken care of.

FROM such associates, considering their earnest viewpoints and their unrivalled opportunities for documentation, you would expect a mass of testimony on their master's career. Curiously enough, perhaps because of its duration, D.B.'s story, particularly in its beginnings, remains vague. About ten years ago it was all incorporated in a two-volume biography, by William Winter, which is good reading if you have time for it, but not to be compared with Belasco's oral narration of the same material. He goes far back, to the beginning, in fact, of European history—mentions floods, invasions, plagues, leading up to the

migration of his father, "the first Harlequin of London," and his mother, sprung from an old Spanish line, to California in 1848. His own birth, taking place in a cellar because there was no room to be found in any hotel, is not without its Biblical suggestions, and he relates how, after obtaining his early education in a monastery, he joined a circus, where he was tossed through burning hoops from the back of a galloping horse.

Disengaging the verifiable facts from this Æneid is a ticklish business. He was born in 1853. That has been established. It is also positive that his father, "the first Harlequin of London," was a clown who quit his profession in 1852 to look for gold, but didn't have much luck. For a while David was an usher in the California Theatre in San Francisco and afterward wrote plays and arranged stage effects for the Baldwin Theatre. It is hard to discover anything relevant to the monastic period of his early life. Since his father was a Hebrew, David's connection with the Roman Catholic Church must have been even more obscure than he suggests. Certainly in some way religious costume took hold of his imagination and has influenced his whole life. There is no doubt that his collar and tie are meant to suggest a clergyman's dress, and various examples of religious realism, notably the crucifix, attract him deeply. In his apartment in the Gladstone there is a closet that has been made into an exact replica of a Catholic shrine. He shows this closet to visitors, hinting at a mystery and then—with sudden effect—opening the closet door. The little shrine is beautiful, but sometimes his triumph is impaired by some defect in the mechanism adjusted to the hinges of the door, and he shakes his head, murmuring gently and mournfully, as though to himself: "The bells ought to be ringing. The bells ought to be ringing."

"Dear, dear, sir, your hair seems to be falling again."

HE left San Francisco several times to go on tour with road companies, occasions when he added to his wages by peddling a patent medicine in country towns. This medicine was a gargle his mother used to put up. He usually got stranded somewhere and bummed his way back to San Francisco. He wasn't a good actor. His face, exceptionally handsome in repose, became contorted when he tried to express emotion. He did better with his writing; several of his plays, especially "La Belle Russe," were hits on the West Coast. He had been stagemanager of three San Francisco theatres by the time he left in 1882 and came east. He arranged lighting effects at the Madison Square Theatre for thirty-five dollars a week. Here he got the idea of setting the gas footlights below the level of the stage, hiding them under a metal hood. He wrote more plays in the years immediately following, and the Madison Square Theatre performed some of them successfully; his royalty was ten dollars a performance. The town's first speculators got five dollars a seat for his smash hit, "May Blossom." Before long he got a new job as stagemanager and stock dramatist of the old Lyceum Theatre in Fourth Avenue. In his spare time he trained society girls who wanted to act, coaching their plays and teaching them elocution; it was his reputation for this sort of thing that led to his meeting Mrs. Leslie Carter, whom he made into the greatest American actress of her period.

WHAT preceded Mrs. Carter's career on the stage invokes the atmosphere of the old Sunday supplements

"No, Ma'am,
she's out—comple-e-etly out."

• •

where that part of her story is buried and half-forgotten. It invokes a lost generation, actualities that have faded from the florid sketches bordering the text, the men in square-shouldered coats buttoning high in front, the arabesque motif of dollar signs and wineglasses, and Mrs. Carter turning her tiny waist to look over her shoulder with shadowy allurement. She was a Kentucky girl who before she was twenty left a family of horse-riding brothers and cousins to marry the elderly and distinguished traction magnate who had laid the basis of his fortune in the manufacture of Carter's Little Liver Pills. That she found life dismal in her husband's big house was established a few years later in the most sensational divorce case ever publicly tried in Chicago. When she met Belasco the trial was still going on. She had come to New York during an adjournment of the court with her mind made up to find some way of supporting herself after she had suffered the disgrace the pill-manufacturer was so effectively arranging. In those days notoriety was not as saleable as it is now, but Mrs. Carter thought that with a little training she could be an actress. Belasco, talking to her, was not so sure.

"What kind of a play do you want?"

She laughed. "I can ride well. Give me a racing play—I'll come on riding."

A producer who had been looking for beauty alone would have been disappointed. That, certainly, was not the charm of this elegant, moody woman, with her red hair, prominent nose, and deliberate, rather affected voice. She went back to Chicago, but a little later came east again and had an interview with Belasco at Echo Lake, where he was working on a play. She told him the story of her life, and as he listened to her passionate words, watching her as she moved around a hotel room, he realized that she had the qualities of a great actress. His first idea was to put her in something at the Lyceum. When the directors refused to consider this, asking him to resign if he continued plans for her, he gave up his job and began rehearsing her in "The Ugly Duckling," which he presented in 1890.

Belasco put on the play with money personally guaranteed by and later collected by lawsuit from a rich man who had known Mrs. Carter before her divorce. While they were rehearsing in New York, she lived in a furnished room in the Bowery, selling her dresses and jewels to buy meals. Although she had never studied acting before, her anxiety to do well as a means of wiping out the experience she had just been through gave her a tremendous capacity for work. Newspapers were suggesting that if the play included Chicago in its tour the people from the houses in Lakeside Avenue would come down to the theatre and throw eggs. Belasco saw the value of taking this risk. If she failed in a hostile town, Mrs. Carter might still go over in other cities; if she was a success, there would be nothing more to worry about anywhere.

There were some boos as she stepped on the stage. She was very pale and her voice was uneven. At the end of the first act the audience became quiet and at the end of the second they stood up and cheered. For the next fifteen years Mrs. Carter was the most important woman on the American stage. When she played "Zaza" in London, Edward, Prince of Wales, came to see her six times. Before the play was over he would usually be weeping with sentimental dignity in the royal box because, as he explained, she reminded him of a lost sweetheart. Always Mrs. Carter appeared in Belasco's productions until one day she ran away and got married. Belasco has never seen her since. He used to refuse to speak of her, saying dramatically that he had "closed the iron door." Sometimes he forgets this and talks about her with much affection. Mrs. Carter herself, old now, trouping occasionally with a stock company, or on a mean vaudeville circuit, likes to say that she and Belasco are reconciled—that they are

going to put on a play together the way they did in the old days.

MRS. CARTER was the first of a long succession of actors and actresses whom he developed. David Warfield, famous in Weber & Fields shows, had played nothing but comedy parts with a beard and a funny nose when Belasco gave him his first straight rôle. When someone brought a precocious, golden-haired girl named Gladys Smith to recite for him, he put her in one of his shows and helped her think up the new and more engaging name of Mary Pickford. He took a special interest in another little girl, named Blanche Bates, because he had acted with her mother, and he had promised Mrs. Bates that if possible he would make an actress out of Blanche. Frances Starr was standing on a chair watching a hypothetical horse run in a stock-company play about racing when he first saw her. Impressed by the way she used her face and hands, he went backstage and put her under contract. He found Leo Ditrichstein playing in the German Theatre in Irving Place and promised him a part if he would learn English. Ditrichstein's father ran a little hotel in Fourth Avenue. Lenore Ulric came to the Belasco Theatre in answer to an advertisement calling for supers; she was sick and out of a job. After watching her at rehearsals, he took her out of the show but kept her on his payroll until she was well enough to be trained for a better part. Ina Claire had done nothing more impressive than imitations in musical shows when he began to train her. He likes to poke around in shoddy halls and settlement theatres looking for talent. When one generation of stage people becomes too eminent to be submissive to directing, he starts developing a new one.

WORKING on a manuscript of "It's a Wise Child," he spent most of his time in his bedroom, wearing sky-blue pajamas and using a card-table for a desk. Here he read plays, interviewed actors, and talked to technicians. His doctor had him on a diet, but once in a while he would order up rich foods, saying that what the doctor didn't know wouldn't hurt him. He likes Benedictine and fruit compote; if anyone dining with him doesn't eat his compote, Belasco is apt to jump up and put it on the window-ledge to have later himself. The only thing that interferes with his delight in life is the suggestion that it is time for him to retire from the theatre. If you say anything about that he gets so angry that he trembles all over. In his blue robe, with his fluffy white hair rumpled, he defies a swarm of enemies whom he does not identify.

"I'd like to know who started all that talk—I'm sick and tired of it. I'd kick him round the town."

He understands the present, keeps up with the new things in his business—the mechanical, knowable facts. He is active in the present, but still the past colors his mind. When you are with him the spell falls on you, too. The past seems to exist somewhere, a luminous country, dusted with a kind of golden pollen, and his share in it is a vitality that has survived, undiminished, three generations of theatrical history. —NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Belasco.)

"How did she do today, Professor?"

THE THEATRE

HURRAH FOR US!

THERE is no denying it: when you Americans put your minds to a thing, you do it up brown. The things that you *do* may not be so hot, but you certainly do them right, and I think you are a wonderful, wonderful little people. *There*, now I've said it!

In what other country of the world could you find, for example, an old Punch and Judy show like "Princess Charming" transformed into such a magnificent and glowing affair that, for at least one act, you are hypnotized into thinking it a great show? Where else could a regulation musical-comedy framework like "Girl Crazy" receive such expert treatment and loving care that it rises off the ground under its own power and soars around shooting off rockets and ringing bells? And above all, where would you find a revue like "Three's a Crowd"?

England (meaning Noel Coward) might produce a revue with as clever skits and pretty songs as the last-mentioned, but it is doubtful if any English producer would unbelt to the extent that Mr. Max Gordon has in the matter of costumes, scenery, and all the other little Cartier knicknacks which Hassard Short, because he likes nice things, is accustomed to work with. A French revue might possibly be as well dressed, but its sketches and songs would be, unless a new race of men has sprung up in France since July, godawful. A German revue might have the same easy-going rompery and even a better score, but it wouldn't be worth opening your eyes to look at. The only Russian revue I know anything about is the "Chauve Souris," and I spent four years in Leavenworth Prison for walking out on that.

SO, you see, we are a pretty satisfactory old nation after all—at any rate, when it comes to producing revues like "Three's a Crowd." Here we have the same triumvirate (if Miss Libby Holman doesn't mind being called a *vir* for a minute, just to make it easier for me) which made the first "Little Show" the show it was: Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Miss Holman. There is also Mr. Howard Dietz, who helped on that first job and has taken over this one completely to write the lyrics, harvest the sketches, and, in general, to contribute lavishly from one of the few civilized senses of humor on Broadway today.

The three stars had a pretty tough spot to come into after the glowing notices they received at the opening of the "Second Little Show," in which they were not. Fortunately, they were more than equal to the crisis. Mr. Allen now takes his place as the master monologist of the pre-Repeal era, and from the moment when he enters, explaining his tardiness by saying that he has been down to the station seeing two magistrates off, until he closes the show with a brotherly imitation of Mr. Webb, there is practically no moment when he is not at top form (which is top form for the course). And at such moments as he is telephoning, in Lawrence Schwab's sketch (this is getting complicated—Lawrence Schwab is a producer of other shows), and sticking handfuls of little burrs in the hide of a well-known pole-flier, he is superb.

I must here put in a word for what bids fair to become one of my favorite characters in the American drama, a small member of Rear Admiral Allen's brave band who never speaks a word, owing doubtless to the fact that he has no face. He is more of a Santa Claus than anything else, and is terrifically sensitive to criticism. The name of this character in the play is simply "Malcolm Weir" and I am madly in love with him.

Miss Holman's voice is even more far-reaching in its effect than last year and her elevation to stardom has given her a new quietness and poise which do nothing to detract. I do not think that her big number, "Body and Soul," is a very good song (it was imported from England quite a long time ago and has had its edge worn off by several hundred saxophones); in fact, none of her numbers is as good as "Moanin' Low" or "Can't We Be Friends?," but Miss Holman herself makes up for whatever unfavorable balance there may be. And Mr. Webb—Mr. Webb hasn't changed a bit, for there was no need for Mr. Webb to change. His comedy, especially in "*Je T'Aime*" (kindness of Mr. Dietz and Arthur Schwartz), and his dancing at any number of given points make him the ideal keystone for the trio, provided trios have keystones.

And how smart the management of "Three's a Crowd" was to deny the handclappers their quota of encores! The opening-night performance would still be going on if the audience had had its clamorous way.

IT would have been a good thing if the management of "Princess Charming" had shown as much good sense in this matter of encores. They had a beautiful show and a delightful show, and for one whole act we were in danger of being swept off our feet, in spite of the fact that the story was one of a princess of Novia and a king of Elyria and a moonlight night on a cruiser. But as the second act wore on, and the soprano (even though she was Evelyn Herbert) and her boy friend (possibly because he was Robert Halliday) began taking encore after encore to numbers which were too slow to sing through even once, the whole charm of the thing was dissipated, the theatre got warm, watches were consulted, and it finally got so that as soon as it became apparent that another encore was to be indulged in, large sectors of the audience began racing up the aisles. The music was good and the voices were good, but there was too much of them. There ought to be a law against sopranos and tenors taking encores. They hold their notes too long.

The one number which was encored most, however, was the one which could stand almost as many repeats as it got. Jeanne Aubert sang "I Love Love" only about twice too many times, and, as she must have sung it eight times in all, you can see how good it was.

That heartbreaker among comedians, Victor Moore (and when I say "heartbreaker" I mean that he breaks

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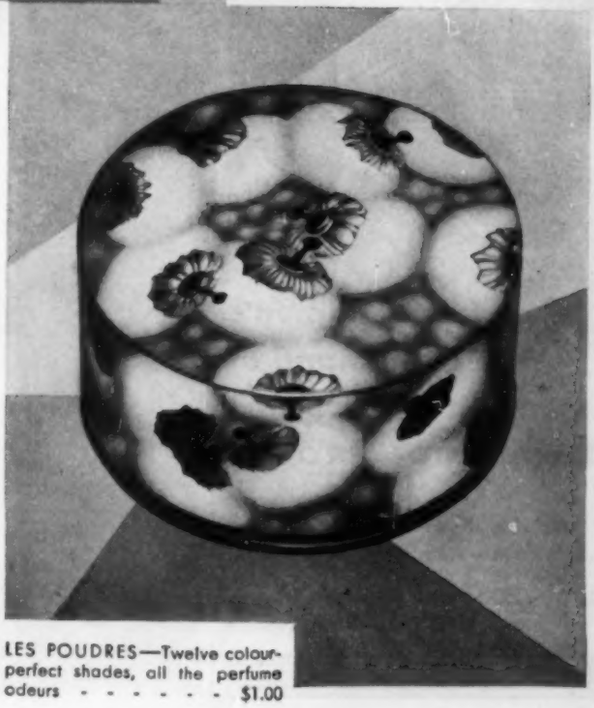

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your heart), was more or less wasted, although the late Jack Donahue had inserted enough lines in the Hungarian-British book to give him a few moments of the old Moore stuff. And George Grossmith was naturally at ease and master of the situation. But what virtues "Princess Charming" had, and it had many, were placed in jeopardy on the opening night by allowing the encore fiends and friends of the cast to run the show.

"Girl Crazy," as one tells about it, sounds like any other musical comedy that one tells about. "Well, it's on this dude ranch in Arizona, and this fellow is in love with this girl—" and there you are. It really has to be seen to get the quality which makes it such a good show, for its chief assets are pace and finesse and the elimination of most of those tiresome interludes which are in the schedule of so many operettas of its class. George Gershwin has written some good numbers, and Ira, his brother, has fitted some excellent words to them, and a young lady named Ethel Merman does wonders with three of them, sustaining one splendid note in "I Got Rhythm" over a period of time usually allotted to the trumpets in orchestration. Ginger Rogers and Allen Kearns also do nicely with a number which Ira Gershwin made his first mistake in calling "Embraceable You" and then made up for by writing the lyric for it.

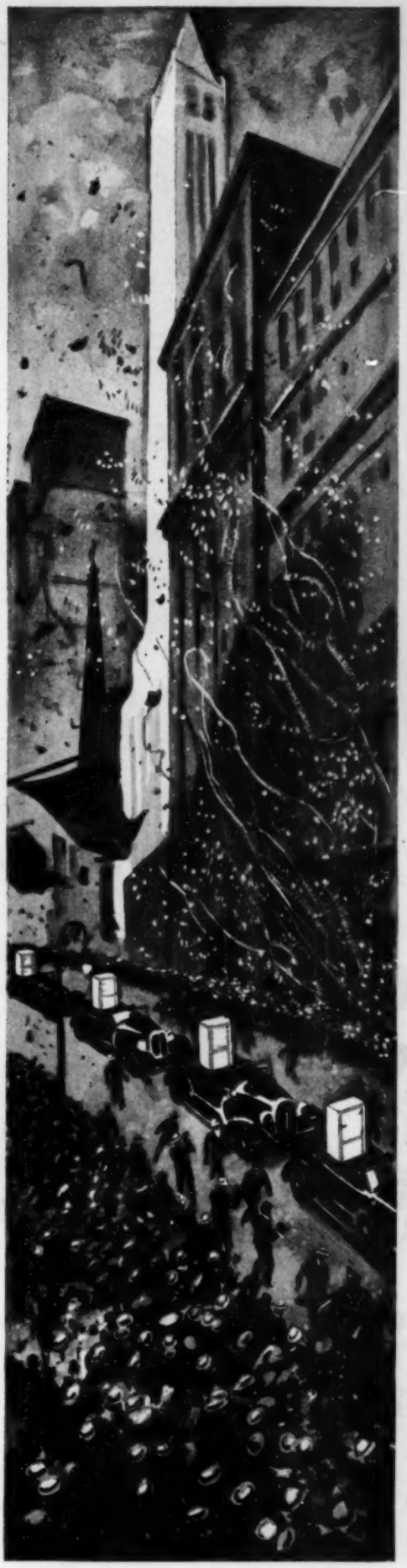
Willie Howard, without Brother Eugene, takes care of all the comedy there is and adds quite a lot of his own, which is all right with me. He can go on and on as far as he likes, especially if he dresses up as a Jewish Indian to do it. And, as for a strange quartette of gentlemen who roam on and off singing "I'm bidin' my time—that's the kind of guy I'm," I want a whole show of them some day.

Possibly the greatest triumph which America had this week in the realm of theatre magic was in the transformation of "Twelfth Night" into good entertainment. Not since Marjorie Rambeau forgot herself in "As You Like It" and hummed "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary" in the Forest of Arden have I enjoyed a Shakespearean comedy as much. I will not go so far as to say that I enjoyed the Shakespearean comedy itself, but Jane Cowl makes it something to look at and to listen to for the sheer music of her performance. Leon Quartermaine is out of the trenches of "Journey's End" and into Malvolio and seems equally at home there. Perhaps Raymond Sovey's new scenic idea for relieving the tedium of changing from "a street" to "another part of the street" and back to "a street" again has something to do with making "Twelfth Night" a good show. At any rate, Messrs. Macgowan and Reed have done it, with Miss Cowl's help.

"Solid South" is a little slow at first, or rather it was on the opening night, owing to Richard Bennett's not being able to make up his mind whether to say the lines of Lawton Campbell's play as they were written or little snatches that he made up out of his own head. But it soon strikes its, and Mr. Bennett's, stride and turns into a quite delightful burlesque of that Old-Fashioned Southern Chivalry we hear so much about. It is frankly comic, and Mr. Mamoulian's direction makes it even more so, but it has to be to make its point. Even as it is, some of old Major Follonsby's speeches about the sanctity of Southern Womanhood almost get a round of applause from the more susceptible members of the audience. Or perhaps it is Mr. Bennett's acting which stirs them.

It is a grand part for Mr. Bennett and he is grand in it. As the down-at-the-heels colonel who is so solicitous of the good name of the attractive females in his family and so oblivious of the comfort of his own spinster sister, he is in his element—and the audience's. Miss Jessie Royce Landis butters the rôle of Leila Mae with a liberal coating of extra-heavy charm which is splendid, and Elizabeth Patterson makes the spinster sister both pathetic and humorous, at the same time carrying out the offices of the Greek Chorus of the play by pointing out, in a running fire of comment, the weaknesses of a system which keeps its womenfolk so inviolate that they run away at the first opportunity. Among its other virtues, "Solid South" has the inestimable one of being on a new subject.

As an indication of how far the South has sunk from its old magnificent



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ARMIDA, the fascinating little Spanish screen star making her stage début so successfully this season in *Nina Rosa*, says: "To keep my skin very smooth and clear, I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. I like it immensely."

BLANCHE YURKA, starring in *Lysistrata*, says: "Nothing is so fatal to loveliness as indifferent skin. That's why I couldn't get along without Lux Toilet Soap."

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estate, Major Follonsby is forced to drink a mint julep made of gin from what seems to be an unfrosted bathroom tumbler. You can't get much lower than that.

WE will close the lesson today with two rather less pretentious shows, which, because they came in so quietly in the midst of all this music and dancing, may have to work very hard to make themselves heard. They are both worth seeing, however. "Blind Mice," by Vera Caspary and Winifred Lenihan, is the second all-girl play of the season, the scene being laid in "the Recreation Room of Rolfe House, a Residential Club for Self-Supporting Girls." But you mustn't think that men don't enter into it. Never have men been more important in a play than those offstage boys who keep the girls in such a turmoil. It is almost as good—or as bad—as having them right there with you. Claiborne Foster has the most trouble with them, but the whole crowd gives quite a bit of thought to the opposite sex and the audience has a correspondingly good time.

IN "London Calling," Geoffrey Kerr has written a most amusing little comedy, in which he himself acts most amusingly. It hasn't very much to bring the three curtains down with, but during the three acts it contains a great many good, legitimate laughs and some novel situations involving two brothers (the other is our old friend, Mr. Charles Lawrence, who is too long away from us between shows) and a mother, expertly played by Anne Sutherland. Mr. Dallas Welford, having given up apoplexy as a calling, gives an excellent idea of how hard the life of a gentleman's gentleman can be made.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

WORLD SNAPSHOTS OF A WANDERER: The open-air cafe in Kungalv, Sweden, where the waiter fished in the river that ran alongside until we chose his table, then reeled in and served us.—*Travel article in Holiday.*

The drunken knave!

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EVER since the Aeolian Concert Hall in Forty-third Street went from Werrenrath to Woolworth, there has been a painful congestion of musical events. With Carnegie Hall and the Town Hall booked well in advance, ambitious recitalists who desired a commodious auditorium were compelled to dispense their gifts in theatres of Sundays. A dozen concerts on the day of rest have been nothing unusual in the past few years, and the only solution to the traffic problem has been a new concert hall. This new hall is now available. You will find it in the Barbizon-Plaza (up a short flight and to your left), and I am happy to report that it is entirely satisfactory.

Although the concert hall is not so *moderne* as the architecture of the hotel might lead one to imagine, it is a cheerful room, done in dull gold and green, with a lighting system that does ample justice to the artists on the platform. The acoustics are "intimate." There is none of the clangy resonance which overwhelms one in the cosier concert centres; the place is, in fact, sympathetic to voices and instruments. Without any sense of muffling, it provides a sort of *sordino* which will be a blessing when some of our strident musicians dig into the stage and let loose.

THE opening musicale at the Barbizon-Plaza involved Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Katherine Homer, who accompanied her at the piano, and the Messrs. Bauer, Lhevinne, and Szigeti. Mr. Rubin Goldmark threw out the first ball with one of his characteristically suave and sensible prologues, and everybody had a good time.

All that is needed now to make the new hall completely efficient is a little proofreading on the official program, which, however, offers first aid to reviewers with a list of "famous musical composers," their dates, and their nationalities. Evidently the compiler was on pretty friendly terms with some of the boys, for he has listed, among

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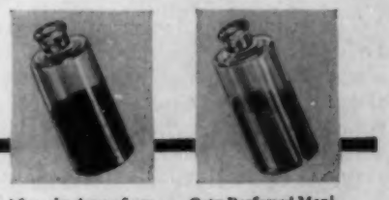

After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

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THE WHOLE when Poisons Collect

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when food wastes accumulate there. These poisons circulate through the entire body. Health is seriously impaired.

"Keep intestines clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

DR. MAURICE DELORT

LEFT

Europe's great intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

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Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

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Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

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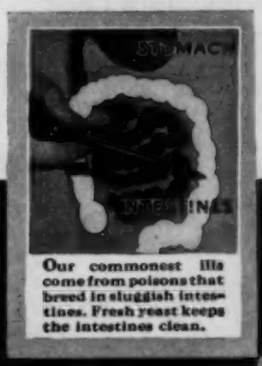

Our commonest ills come from poisons that breed in sluggish intestines. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean.

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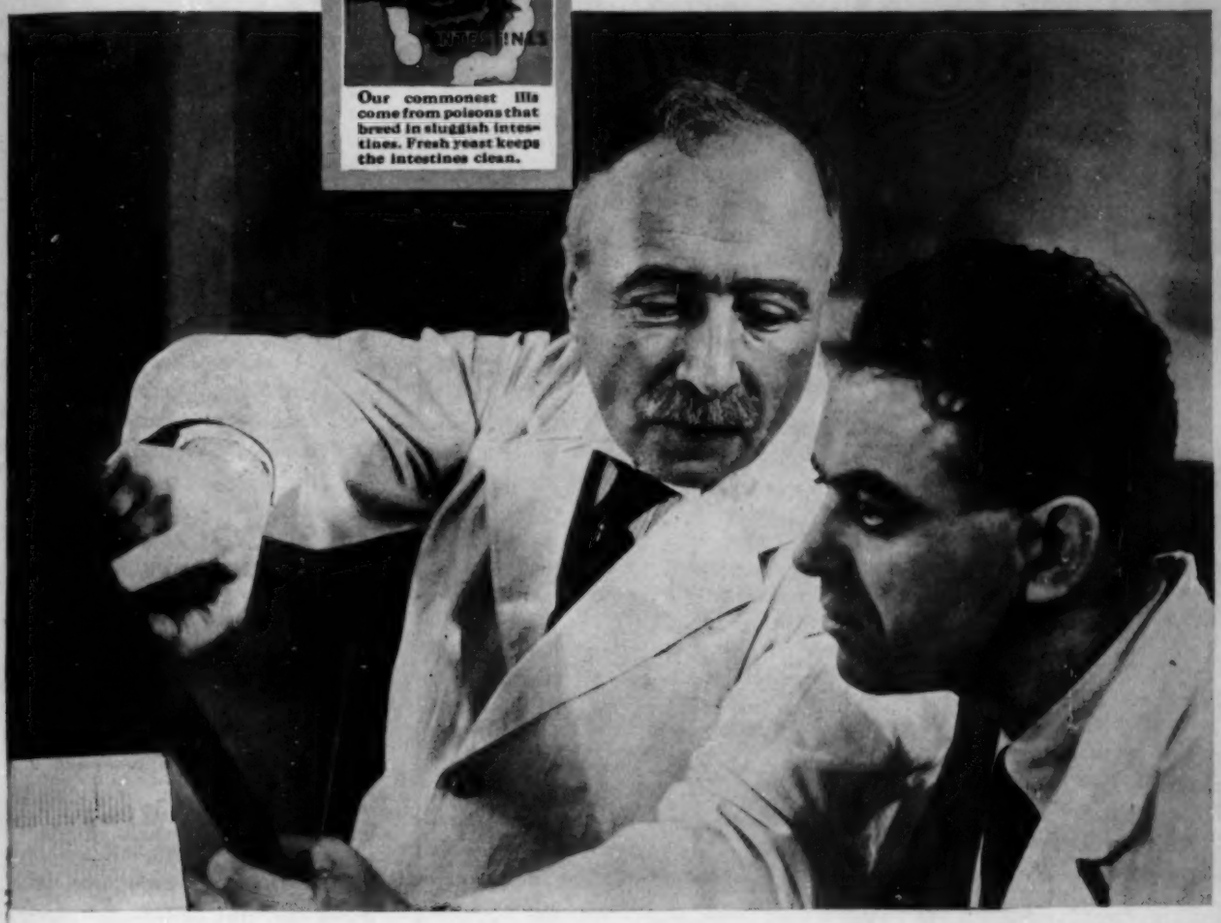

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(Below) **"I had been working day and night," *writes* Mr. Albert Rogell *of Los Angeles*. "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."**

(Below) **"A few years ago," *writes* Mrs. H. C. Van Pelt *of Flushing, N. Y.*, "my system became sluggish and I was so tired that it was a great effort to do my work well . . . It wasn't long after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast, however, until my tired, sluggish feeling left. Yeast brought back all my old pep."**

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PROBABLY the rarest attribute in local recitals is competence. There is plenty of talent, even a fair showing of accomplishment, but there is not much expertness. Such recitals as those of Florence Easton and Walter Gieseking at Carnegie Hall, therefore, were especially welcome. Here were artists who knew exactly what they were going to do, how they were going to do it—and why.

Mme. Easton no longer is to be heard at the Metropolitan, which probably will hurt the Metropolitan more than it will affect Mme. Easton. The highest part of her voice reveals the results of many years of prima-donna rôles, but except for this one uncertainty, her tones are singularly limpid. The voice sounded more colorful than it used to be downtown, and her diction was, as always, a model of its kind. Mme. Easton does not drag out of her songs the last bit of emotional content, but her proclamation of the texts always is in the mood.

It was in a brilliantly arranged Brahms group that Mme. Easton demonstrated most conclusively her skill as a singer of *Lieder*. Although she did not evoke all of the drama in "Am Sonntag Morgen" (this still remains to be sung for all that it is worth), she sang such lyrics as "O Wüsst' Ich Doch den Weg Zurück," "Der Tod das Ist die Kühle Nacht," and "Meine Liebe Ist Grün" as I rarely have heard them performed. Oddly enough, a bracket of three of the most familiar songs of Strauss suffered from a slightly retarded tempo, but her arias were as sure-throated and meaningful as ever.

The accompanist of the evening, Mr. Celius Dougherty, one of the ablest of the younger assistants at the piano, provided good support. Sometimes, however, he contributed improvements of his own in the accompaniments, a procedure which is commendable in operatic excerpts but

RIGHT NEXT DOOR

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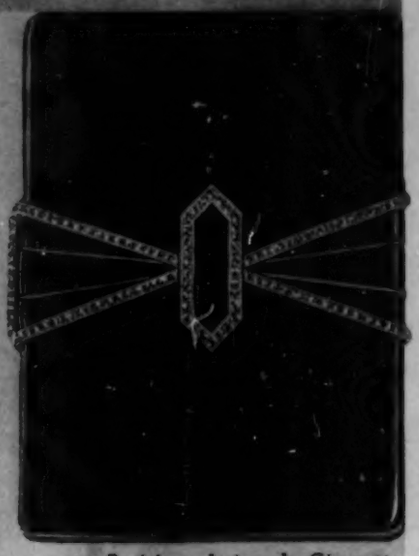
time; thus she invented the sauce that takes its name from her lord and master. Tuesday is also the day when the well seasoned radio fan never misses turning the dial to WABC, at 8:45 p.m.—the hour of The Premier Chef and his Salad Dressers.

Pour le Thé!



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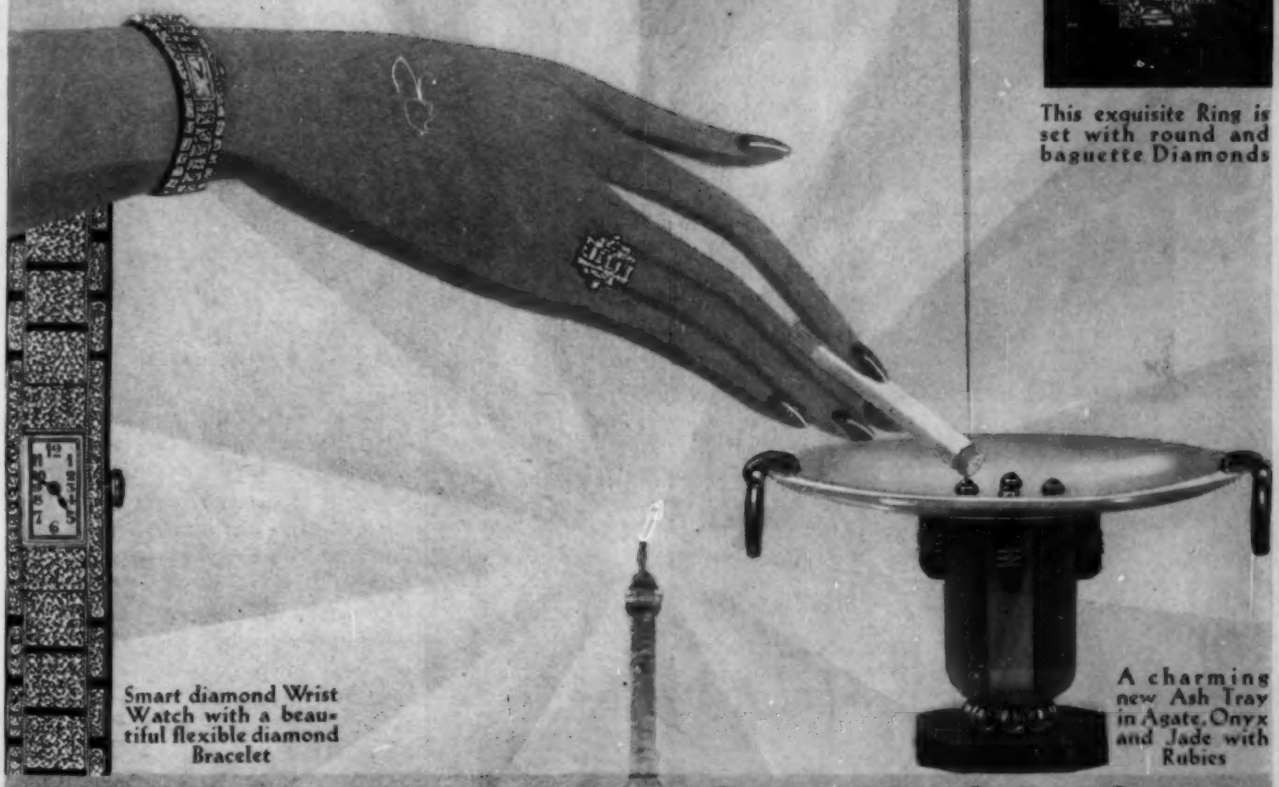

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more than a shade hazardous when the original composer happens to be Richard Strauss.

MR. GIESEKING is, in the finest sense, a contemporary pianist. In spite of his great technical power, he never indulges himself in "piano-playing." He looks at his music as if it had been composed a few days ago—as a vital matter rather than the output of some dead-and-buried maestro. When he plays Bach—even such unexciting Bach as the Sixth Partita in E-minor—he is aware that the music in hand is dance music. An Allemande, with Mr. Gieseking, is not an exercise in classicism, but a German dance. His Courante runs and his Gigue jigs.

Schumann's "Kreisleriana," which some listeners were surprised to discover did not include the "Caprice Viennois" and "Schön Rosmarin," requires much more from a pianist than agile fingers and a good memory. It is an attempt—and not always a successful one—to capture the bizarre whimsies of E. T. A. Hoffman's narratives concerning one Kapellmeister Kreisler. There is a curious mixture of tenderness, brooding, and melodrama; and Mr. Gieseking managed to avoid sentimentality and bombast. Most of the otherwise disengaged pianists in town were present, and many of them must be wondering still how Mr. Gieseking created some of his tonal devices, especially the remarkable hushed chords at the close of the first Molto adagio.

There were several novelties. Two bits by Joseph Marx, whose songs are much better than these morceaux, sounded like accompaniments without melodies. Two bits by Karol Szymanowski made no impression on the gathering, for all of the art which Mr. Gieseking devoted to them. A closing group of Debussy brought forward six of the relatively unfamiliar études. You can hear Mr. Gieseking in more interesting Debussy if you go to his recital with Mary Garden at Carnegie Hall this Saturday night. You probably will not hear anything more ingratiating, however, than the "Reflets dans l'Eau" which served as the first encore for the études. —R. A. S.

•

Supreme in quality, laid by virgin hens at the World's Largest Poultry Plant, these infertile Runnymede Eggs are eggs at their best.—*Adv. in a New York newspaper.*

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SIMPLICITY . . . a contrast of textures rather than contrasts of tone . . . distinguish Delman's striking designs for the Fall tailleur. Design—ornament—fabric—all show restraint—the graceful subtleties of line that hand-making alone can impart.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

IN novels (particularly English ones about smawt society) you are constantly hearing tell of hostesses being charming around the home. They have a way of trailing toward you, saying "Oh, how peffictly chawming! Would you care for a cup of tea?" and put ideas into the head of every romantic reader. The actual trappings of such a rôle, however, are hard to find.

The quickest way of achieving this kind of nwah, as far as I can discover, is to go to Mariano Fortuny, 509 Madison Avenue. This place specializes in finely accordion-pleated teagowns of a very special satin, sheer as crêpe de Chine and much more clinging, dyed in colors that have no duplicate, with sea-greens and turquoises especially fine. These all extend to the ankles and may be in one piece or in Greek-tunic style, with the brocaded belts that accompany them either used as such or, more romantically, turned into crossed Greek bands on the bosom. The teagowns, which outline the figure to a degree that makes strong men swoon, are sent in a box for violets, all twisted in a rope, round and round. The gowns cost from a hundred and five to a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and all alterations, to make them adhere perfectly to your physique, are free.

In addition, Fortuny has always adored printing silver or gold designs on velvet. The fabrics thus done look embroidered, are non-crushable, and have the appearance of being very, very antique. You can have these already made up in loose coats that may be worn either with teagowns or with your evening clothes, or you may buy them by the yard. For—here I am intruding, without a word of apology, into B.B.'s province—Fortuny fabrics by the yard are around here in profusion: sometimes in a cotton batiste stamped with gold in curtain lengths; sometimes in cotton brocades, with designs of any period you have in mind, whether it be modern, Empire, Louis XVI, or medieval. The last cost but three-thirty to five-seventy a yard. They will make these up for you here, or let you take them thence to your neighborhood dressmaker or upholsterer.

A NEW beauty salon in Madison Avenue is hardly News, in the man-biting-a-dog sense. Nevertheless, the home of Scandia Jourde, at 601 Madison Avenue, has several features that recommend it rather specially to restless women who are not yet satisfied with their particular brand of beauty-giving goop. In the first place, Scandia Jourde have a marvellous nourishing cream that looks and smells like strawberry ice cream. This is to be smeared on the face night and morning for from five minutes to half an hour while baths are taken, then wiped off with a face lotion, and followed by an astringent. The lotion is unimaginatively called Tonic Scandia, but informally christened Champagne, because that is the way it looks and smells and stimulates. The nourishing for the day is done in a few minutes with the cream, since this firm believes that the skin should be allowed to breathe at night and not choke under a covering of thick cream. The final touch, before makeup, is a business called Baume Suédois, a finishing lotion that gives a creamy look to the skin and makes powder adhere.

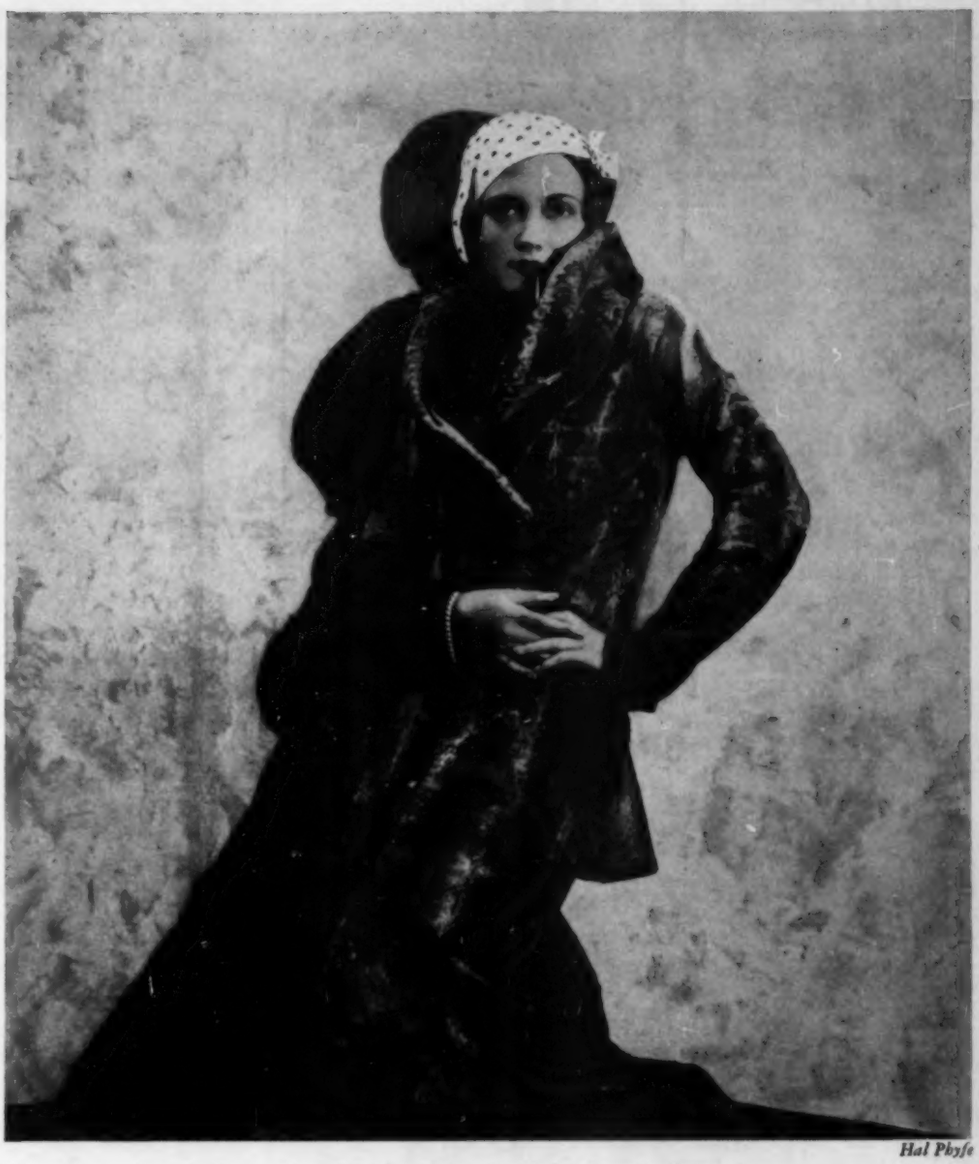
Also—just to prove that if you hold a theory long enough, someone is bound to come along and prove you are right by science—this shop recommends powdering the face first with a light-colored powder, then applying rouge (and they teach you how to do

"Very well, Madam, buy an all-metal if you wish, but I still picture you in a four-poster."

☆

Slim Elegance in Broadtail

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



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[NOTE: *We have recently finished a Russian sable coat of extraordinary quality.*]

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

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this without having it in a round patch), and then using a second coating of darker powder. If the skin is already powdered and dry, the dark coating does not make you look dirty around the mouth and nose. The facials given here, by the way, are soothing, luscious, and feminine-making, and the products (particularly those mentioned) give you that Desirable feeling.

THE Little Deb Shop, at Russeks, is designed to offer the world smart clothes at a cost that is practically infinitesimal. Prices here are sensationally low, as has always been the policy of Olga Frances, who is in charge. A skirt and coat, for instance —the coat having an enormous lapin collar, silk lining, and a belt—can be had for $39.50. Then, there are tweed coat-suits with huge caracul collars and wrap-around skirts, at $69.50. The collar of these may be worn cravat fashion or buttoned about to make a sort of circular-collar affair. They have evening dresses here, impeccably styled, at $25; and dresses at $16.50 and $19.75 that you could wear almost anywhere and feel both dashing and chic. Even if you are not a school or college girl on allowance, little women with littler incomes should be informed of this haven. The sizes are eleven, thirteen, and fifteen, which ought to be a boon to small women in the odd sizes that the big shops so habitually ignore.

ALL you belles ought to know by this time that Vera Sanville, at 746 Madison Avenue, has a dandy knack for making hats and (this is rare) a tender sense of the needs of

the older woman. Well-bred merchandise is always difficult to describe, since line and workmanship mean more than an eccentric idea or a stirring whimsy. This year, the hats are small and shallow-brimmed—which is no surprise to anyone—and are done on the tam-o'-shanter principle, made formal so as to be becoming to grandes dames as well as their daughters. A crisp fold, flat across the top of the head, and jutting out a little low on one side and rather high on the other, achieves this effect. Naturally, most of the hats are worn back on the head, either entirely exposing or partly revealing the hairline.

Mrs. Sanville loves suede hats, either in black for formal town wear or in autumnal colors for sports, and is featuring her own model for this type of headwear. It is close to the head, folded downward to give flaring width low at the sides, and is as comfortable as a Basque beret. Look, also, at the Patou trotteur felt hat, with the wide tab of felt sticking out at the side and adorned with buttons; at a hat by Francine with the felt cut across the top of the forehead to give a hobble-de-hoy touch, and with a long effect at the sides and back like a Jeanne d'Arc helmet; at a hat by Tallien, made high on the forehead with a strip of felt crossing the brow to modify that trying exposure; at hats of smooth felts, with polka dots in fuzzy felt all over them. The designer here is a clever girl indeed, and, as all hats are made to order, can modify and alter them to suit your own individual type of face.

HEAH AND THEAH: Mme. de Boor, who gives those fifty-dollar facial treatments and insists upon your taking a course of six, is back at Saks-Fifth Avenue, telling the world that eet ees silly for any woman ever to look older than twenty-five, and teaching her customers how to achieve this perennial youth. More about her later—I think she is grand. . . . Macy's Accessory Shop has clip-pins adorned with one or two feather pompons to go on your hat or lapel, and very cute, too. . . . When Shoecraft does suede shoes, it loves to have tiny strips of pearly kid interlaced on them here and there, to give a jewelled look to the tootsies without too much fancifulness. . . . Molinelle, a perfumer new to this city, has found a home at Franklin Simon, Saks-Fifth Avenue, and Altman. There is a rose fragrance that is too lovely; and No. 29, a sophisticated and gay scent of the Chanel No. 5 type,

Mrs Franklin inc.

A lace dress is a joy to own, particularly when it comes in a new dark color like this model in brown . . . Our collection includes formal and informal models . . .

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

is another knockout. . . . Arnold Constable have a clearing house for messages in the women's rest-room. Arrange to meet your girl friend there, and if she is late or you have to dash for an unexpected train, leave a message in the Little Black Book so that she will know all. . . . Mme. Casnati, the beauty miracle woman, has moved to 38 East Fifty-seventh Street. . . . Eulav ("value" backward) is one of those rare things—a good combination cream. Not only does it cleanse the skin nicely and keep it fed overnight, but, when wiped off in the morning, it leaves a satiny feeling that obviates the necessity for a finishing cream. At Franklin Simon. . . . Kathleen Mary Quinlan's Strawberry Cream Mask, a mild and slightly astringent affair, is a dandy for a quick toning-up of the skin when your eleventh-hour date looks promising. You put it on twenty minutes before you have to go out, and it does wonders without leaving you with a hectic flush. . . . Bonwit Teller, the mad wags, like to print your first name all over chiffon handkerchiefs in a decorative modern way. I suppose, if you asked prettily, they would do the same for your telephone number, since many gals are not too coy to hint a little. . . . Emile, who is a genius at making the country cousin (who thought she was Lady Abdy until she reached Grand Central) into a sleek sophisticate in no time, has opened a new salon at the Barbizon-Plaza, to the delight of all who need expert things done about their hair. . . . Lord & Taylor are showing some nice, stubby umbrellas for $12.50, with the handle in the form of a modernistic initial. This is of clear, shell-like light amber, and most effective. . . . One of the nicest nightgowns in town is at Vera Sanville. It is entirely of satin, reaches to the ankles, and has a bolero back. In front, two folds cross over in a very high-waisted, Empire way and fasten at the waistline in the rear. Enough to tempt a girl to have it made as an evening frock. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Table Problem—New Rooms Complete

THERE has always been a warm spot in my heart for the Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, if only because of its name. Now the Guild has justified this sentiment all over again in an exhibition at Gimbel, which I hope you all went to see while it lasted,

listening carefully to the lectures and taking notes on the table arrangements for future use, what with the holidays icumen in.

For those who didn't take notes:

One of the smartest tables had a damask cloth in a new tannish taupe shade, all set out with darkly silvered china service plates and ruby glass. You can see the possibilities in this sort of thing. The taupe damask is a marvellous background for richly colored schemes. It combines with glass of almost any color—ruby, amethyst, the smoky shades (particularly when stemmed in black), clear crystal, anything. Likewise, it is good with almost any colorful china, and with white.

There were other tables, although I had a hard time dragging myself away from that taupe damask (which probably had gone into a window display when you saw it) to get to them. One bright idea was based on black-and-white damask—a black centre panel surrounded by a lacy mingling of the black and white. This had small black glass plates set on white Wedgwood service plates, and chartreuse glass stemware.

The seafaring table would be nice to keep in mind for your summer villa by the shore—aquamarine damask in a lacy pattern suggesting seafoam, if your mind runs that way; aquamarine bubble glass; and service plates with a brig of many colors, in full sail, pictured thereon. This ensemble was presented on a long table lighted at each end by fish lamps in aquamarine glass. Consistent all the way through.

Then they had a children's Hallowe'en-party table—yellow damask, turquoise pottery plates and orange cups, and Viennese figurine decorations; a buffet Sunday-morning breakfast table all in bacon-and-egg shades; a table showing complete services for each course (one at each place); and one final and beautiful plan inspired by a lovely purple damask. On this, ruby glassware, and plates with an all-over landscape-and-floral pattern combining

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purple shades and red—a gorgeous effect which must not be judged by the way it sounds.

Other smart and copyable ideas abounded in the arrangements of tables for odd numbers—three or five people, for instance. These had places grouped around three sides of the table, leaving one end free for original floral and lighting effects. I liked the threesome luncheon table, which provided for one guest at each long side of a rectangular table, with the hostess at one end. The end facing her held a solid row of candles, graduating to a high point at the centre.

Having done my best to be descriptive, I fling a parting suggestion to the reader in whom my words create only confusion: The left-hand window at Mosse, 750 Fifth Avenue, is a little goldmine if you are out for new table ideas. By watching closely, you may discover how often they change their decorations; I never have found out. In any case, the tables in that window are always a joy to behold, and unusually inspirational.

TO my lasting regret, I arrived to review Altman's new exhibition rooms a few days after they had been opened to the general public. In the meantime the general public had acquired everything that wasn't literally fastened down, so what I saw was in all probability but the ghost of a former glory, albeit a very handsome ghost, all told. A brief and sketchy account of what I think you ought to notice particularly when you go (it's a permanent exhibit) follows.

The entire American Colonial apartment is worth a careful survey, but you will like the young-girl's room best. This is the little room done Provincial to save the apartment from monotony—the one with the striped taffeta curtains and the alcove-like arrangement surrounding the couch bed. You can buy these rooms complete, you know, or order duplicate individual pieces from them. It is my guess that, for better or for worse, there will be numerous orders on the alcove.

Further highlights: An L-shaped living-room using one wing for dining or cards. . . . The Directoire powder-room, the alcove of which is a darling. . . . The pair of commodes in the Adam room, and an amazing piano, built in London in 1802 along the lines of a cabinet, at least eight feet tall. . . . In one of the eighteenth-century rooms, a radio cabinet built of rosewood in the form of a tiny grand piano, with much

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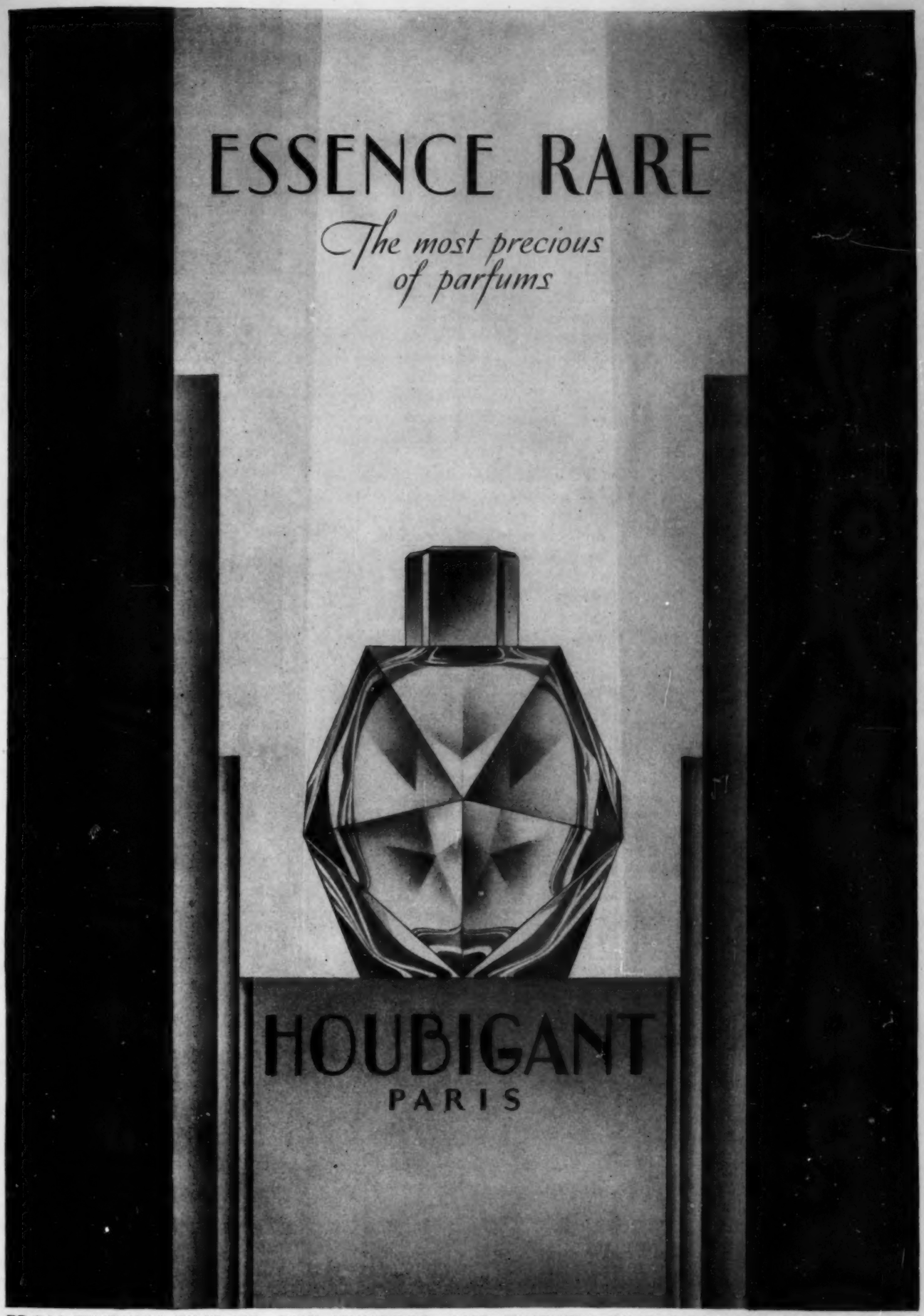

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Addicts scream if deprived for a day

FOR A COMPLEXION pure as the driven snow on the little old schoolhouse, get Madame Nina's WHITE ROSE CREAM. Addicts scream if deprived for a day. Those introduced to it for the first time want to go right out and keep another date even when using this marvelous bedtime cleanser after the morning milk delivery.

It smells like more—roses *and* roses. It feels even better—pure vegetable oils, creamy as a waltz. The part you rub off brings out so much dirt you're ashamed of your past. The part you leave on gives the tissues what the doctor ordered for the future.

Why fool around with cleansers that can't make up their minds to do one good job, let alone two? Three-fifty for purity and pulchritude—and you've spent your quota for a month of days that won't cramp your nightwork.

***Madame Nina's whole five preparations**—the modern girl's arsenal—Geranium Cream, White Rose Cream, Rouge for cheeks and lips, in a huge wooden box—plenty for a year, Powder enough for six months, and your choice of Tonic Lotion (for skins that want a bit of freshening) or Astringent Lotion (for those that need serious attention)—in a smart red box for your dressing table—fifteen dollars.*

YOUR PET NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE *keeps Nina White Rose Cream and other Nina Preparations. You may also order direct from Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York. If you want advice about complexion problems, page Juin Nina Nestor with a 2-cent stamp at the same address.*

produits nina

inlay in all kinds of woods, a map of the United States, and a place to conceal a victrola in one section. . . . The walnut dining-room, beautifully panelled and floored. See the Dirigold flatware set out on a satinwood dining table in this room and lose your heart to it. . . . The enormously tall Pine Room, about which I have an idea. The idea is that Altman would give a lot right now for a couple of good suggestions on decorating it.

On the whole, the exhibition has some grand things in it. It also has some curtain arrangements I could do without, but undoubtedly there are any number of people who will like them. Anyway, the decorations will be changed from time to time, and everything will probably come right in the end. They may even do something good with that pine-panelled room.

THE Cannon Mills people, not content with doing nice towels and bath-sets in two colors, have now produced tricolored ensembles, and I have no hesitation in announcing that they are pretty special. The designs are again by Miss Virginia Hamill, who did last year's cloud-and-dot success. They come in combinations like jade, maize, and white; orchid, rose, and white; turquoise, peach, and white. The patterns are all named—Palmetto, Primrose, Scotty Dog, Canterbury Bells, etc. There is also a Backgammon pattern (for incurables), and a good masculine one called Chevron. It seems there were a lot of otherwise amiable husbands last year who got firm about pastel-tinted bath towels with flowers on them. Patterns like Backgammon and Chevron are Cannon Mills' answer in the crisis.

STERN'S new modern clock, fresh out of Germany, flat, and three inches square over all, is the very essence of simplicity, having neither numerals nor hands. You tell the time by a couple of golden balls that travel around the face in separate grooves. At present the cost is $250, which is little enough to pay for a permanent legitimate excuse for missing appointments. —B. B.

•

When asked what he saw in cities of the Old World which Boston might adopt profitably, Mr. Nichols said he was impressed particularly with the street lighting in Rome and with the treatment of visitors all through Italy.—*Boston paper.*

All right, Boston, let's go!

What Men Want

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FOOTBALL

Army in Black Face—
Brown versus Booth—
The Second Lesson

IF you're going up to New Haven to see Army play Yale this Saturday, be sure to arrive early enough to see Army get itself ready for the game. Belasco couldn't do a better job—staging, costumes, and all.

You will see, if the cadets follow their routine of the Saturday before, the strange sight of eleven men suddenly grabbing the legs of eleven other men—who lie submissively on their backs—and then begin pulling and stretching and hauling on these legs, solemnly, earnestly, almost in time with the music. This is the latest way of limbering-up. The cheerleader encouraging these antics will be mounted on a little portable stage, all modernistic gold-and-gray triangles, the sort of prop the seals in the circus sit on to balance balls on their noses. Presently the team will arise and you'll find out what makes that glare on the sidelines. It is gold glittering, the gilded helmets of the warriors. No, children, there are no plumes; but observe how well their magnificence is set off by the black-face makeup. Yes, indeed, black-face makeup, under and around the eyes—to save seekers of punts which sail into the sun. Now, helmeted and made-up, Army is ready for battle.

ARMY beat Harvard last Saturday, holding the Crimson line even after the latter had become accustomed to the glare of the helmets. I have only apologies to make to Major Sasse, whose ability to teach a new and complicated system in a few weeks I questioned. Frankly, I expected an angry Harvard eleven would throw out the timing of the delicate Warner double-wing-back system the cadets were using, and then would run around a team which must have been concentrating more on perfecting an offence than on studying how to stop Harvard laterals. Now I see my mistake. Major Sasse could afford to experiment on a new offence with men who are as old in football as his squad. His players had that air of knowing what it was all about, of moving instinctively to the right place, of hitting or avoiding just the right man to stop the developing

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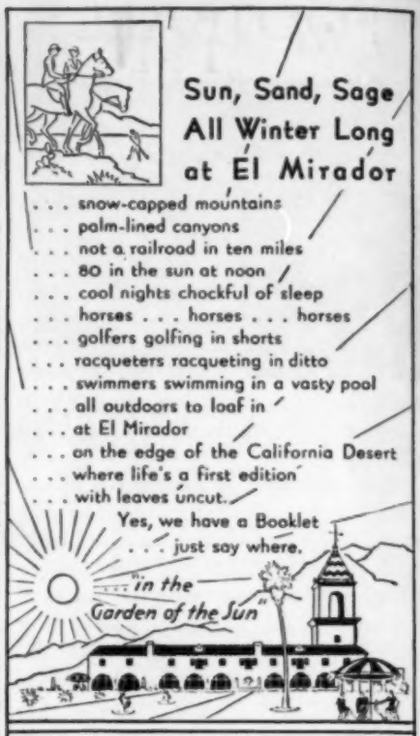
play. And just enough of those complicated plays of theirs—spinners, flat passes into the line, triple passes—came off to turn the tide. Harvard, with key men on the sick list, seemed lamentably unsure of itself in its first hard game. It will, undoubtedly, improve—it will have to.

MY scout, with an eye out for a second-act climax, reports that the Yale-Brown game was not as conclusive as it might have been. He tells me Yale still runs teams into Suicide Corner and is still the answer to a defence's prayer, packing plays into the middle of the line when near the goal. In case you haven't guessed, this means that the secondary defence may come up close to the line to help the boys out, confident that no Yale man would venture into those desolate, sparsely populated regions where the ends live. But even that gift of Yale's couldn't save Brown from Booth.

Now as to whether the Yale line has got better of late, or Princeton's was even worse than you thought—you'll have to wait a while for the answer to that.

THERE has been a lot of talk about double-wing-back systems, spinner plays, and laterals this season, and perhaps we'd better give another lesson in football-watching. It's not hard to become a grandstand authority on schemes of attack. For one thing, they are all related. For another, each year certain plays and systems grow fashionable, and once one becomes the vogue, its popularity spreads like backgammon. Master one, and you master all.

Right now the thing to do seems to be to station men in double-wing-back formation, to run spinner plays from that formation, and to toss laterals. Of course, line-bucking, end-running, forward-passing, and that sort of thing, go on just the same, but it's spinners and laterals that you read about in the papers. Harvard and Army both used double-wing-back systems. The battle plan is characterized by a halfback stationed on each wing, only a little way behind the line. They may be far out, beyond their ends, or just inside them. Double and triple passes are maneuvered from the formation, the two wing backs moving in a different direction, maybe passing the ball from one to the other, maybe not. All very confusing to the defence, which has tended to spread because of the width of the front threatened. However, by its nature,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All Winter Long
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Yes, we have a Booklet
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"in the Garden of the Sun"

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CALIFORNIA
AMERICA'S FOREMOST DESERT RESORT

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1400 ROOMS
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*Lincoln Guests include 73,533 from New England; 54,990 from Pennsylvania; 117,450 from New York; 14,015 from Ohio; 14,558 from Illinois; 13,049 from the South; 44,690 from the Middle West; 17,630 from the Pacific Coast and 6,517 from Canada.

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this system has also spread the offensive power. It is harder to get a troop of interferers in front of the runner. Usually guards are "pulled out of the line" to serve that purpose. In case that phrase bothers you, it merely means that the guards, instead of charging straight ahead, step back and to one side when the ball is snapped, to run along behind their own line until it is time to cut through ahead of the runner. Ticklish business, you can see, for everything has to be done just right with perfect time-and-space coördination.

A SPINNER is a play which begins with the quarterback crouching fairly close to the centre. In its simplest form, the ball is passed to this gentleman, who promptly spins half around. With his back now to the line, he hands the ball to one of the halfbacks, who comes tearing across just in time. The play lets the latter get up momentum before receiving the ball and gives his interference time to get under way. Once the ball is in his possession, he may circle the end, or cut inside or outside of the opposing tackle. Every now and then, just to make it harder, the quarterback only pretends to give the halfback the ball; actually, he spins back, faces the line again, and tries to dive through it himself. Thus, from the same formation, almost any point in the line may be threatened. Watch for it in New Haven particularly, with Booth doing the spinning.

LATERALS—but surely laterals are too easy. Just before the man carrying the ball is tackled, he throws it out sidewise to another back, who is planning to carry on. The idea comes from Rugby football.

Nothing moves faster, gets you more excited, and proves less, than an unsuccessful lateral—except an end run. As the play develops, the opposing linesman dives for the first runner, the secondary comes up to smear the ultimate receiver, and it's the race between the last two which is usually so spectacular. The fun comes when the receiver outflanks the defensive man, for by the time he's got the ball, he's attained a high rate of speed and may keep going for a touchdown. Watch where the defensive back is the second the ball is passed and you'll know more about how the play is going to work out than if you keep your eyes glued on the ball and the hurtling receiver.

—LINESMAN

st. moritz

THEY CROSSED THE OCEAN IN TEN MINUTES

The lights were with them. The glare and glitter of after-theatre Broadway was abruptly extinguished by the soothing shadows of Central Park South. They enter the Hotel St. Moritz—this isn't New York—this scene belongs to the Continent. In the St. Moritz Grill a gay, distinguished gathering brings a new, subtle, continental note to New York's jaded night life. And nightly, Yvonne and Roberts, famed European entertainers present new dance divertissements.

And also at the Hotel St. Moritz there's Rumpelmayer's, of international fame, already a favorite luncheon, teatime and after-theatre rendezvous of smart New Yorkers.

HOTEL
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ON THE PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH · NEW YORK
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Quick

Serve Chicken for a Crowd or a Few

Hormel has cooked it—there's little to do

SO LITTLE to do! You can have fried chicken quick as toast. So simple—open can—cut chicken apart—brown in hot fat 3 minutes—serve! Or serve cold instantly.

And besides all this saving of labor you find a new delight in Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken—a finer flavor. Remember, it is cooked sealed in its own package; thus flavors and juices which escape in ordinary cooking are saved—cooked *in*, not out.

Every Hormel chicken is selected, milk-fed, plucked and cleaned to perfection. Then inspected and certified to be healthy, wholesome and clean by U. S. Government inspectors. The whole or half chicken—not cut up nor boned—and with all the white meat, dark meat and natural juices.

At all leading food stores—both half chickens and whole—2½ to 4½ lbs., net weight. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

Flavor-Sealed Foods include:
Chicken (Whole or Half)
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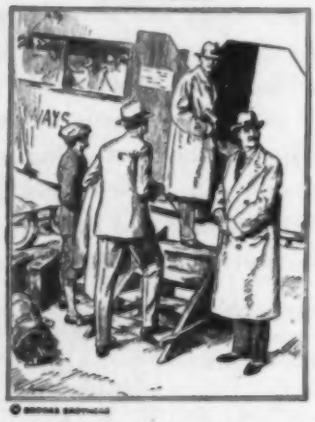

Fall Clothes for Men & Boys

Send for "A Wardrobe for Business"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

MOTORS

Enter the Cadillac Twelve
—Reo's Streamline Eight
—New Color Harmonies

MISS CADILLAC V-12 has made her début. The family from which she comes is so well turned out, and so fully equipped with the little things which will help its members through life, that it is hard to think of any possible additions. Doubtless, however, General Motors was moved by a desire to be the first in the field this season with an American twelve-cylinder car—I'm told Franklin will bring out a double six at the Show in January—and to maintain an unbroken range in prices.

The Cadillac twelve-cylinder is only a slightly smaller edition of the sixteen—the wheelbase is 140 to 143 inches as compared to 148—and, so far, has ten body styles. Coachwork, of course, is by Fisher and Fleetwood, with the still popular chrome-metal decorations. The model that caught my fancy was a five-passenger town sedan—$4,455 delivered in New York with all the extras, including the monograms on the doors. If I had to distribute my praises, I think I would give first prize to the engine unit for being such a comfortable one to handle. It slips you through traffic and is capable of both extremes of speed without a murmur. The steering is remarkably easy, and a feature I liked particularly was that the car went wherever pointed—an important quality, and one not always found even in the most expensive motors. I wonder, though, why the hand brake should be tucked away under the dash, where it is almost inaccessible.

THERE is a trend toward smaller and simpler instrument-boards, and coincidental ignition and transmission locks that save an extra operation for the careful motorist. Cadillac, among others, has returned to the old-fashioned clock type of speedometer, a style that has never been changed abroad. Incidentally, the sixteen-cylinder phaeton—which I thought the swellest car on the floor—has an extra clock and speedometer installed in the rear, which seems an unnecessary encouragement to back-seat driving.

REO has not only joined the parade of the eights but is showing the

Your gay new clothes . . . in tweed and fur, velvet and lamé . . . need gay new perfumes . . . for the mode of the lady . . . English perfumes, with all the grace that that implies.

Blended and sealed in London by Molinelle . . . three fragrances of lasting charm. Introductory size, ten dollars.

ENGLISH ROSES: *A pure, perfect flower essence.*

NO. 29: *Casual and poised, a light bouquet.*

BEAU GESTE: *The spirited sportswoman's own.*

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Prichard & Constance
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Perkins & Co.
(Prince of Wales' Chemists)

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366 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
2050 LOCUST STREET, PHILADELPHIA

MOLINELLE
London

last word in streamline design. In the Royale, the new eight-cylinder model, the V-type radiator (reminiscent of Cord and its prototype, Chrysler), the broad, sweeping fenders, and visorless, slanting windshield, give the impression of a hydroplane rising from the water. The interiors of the three models—five-passenger sedan, five-passenger victoria, and two-passenger coupé—are unusually roomy, the upholstery well finished, and the ingenious armrests of the rear seats are worthy of special praise. I might add that one can get in and out of the doors much more easily than in larger cars.

These models are equipped with interior adjustable sun-visors and there are plenty of pockets to stow things in. The only fault I find is that to fill the radiator, one must raise the bonnet on the left-hand side; but there is no radiator ornament, which is a bit of a compensation.

The six-cylinder cars are of the conventional Flying Cloud type.

WITH the exception of touches of chrome-metal trimming in Nash's top-class models, little change was noted over the 1930 line in the bodies of the three groups of eights and one of sixes.

It is worth mentioning that it is raining minus signs at Broadway and Fifty-eighth Street, as Nash prices have reached a new low; but, nevertheless, mechanical improvements for the class of 1931 include engines with increased power, and a new silent-shift transmission in the Eight-90 series.

IF you have a favorite wild bird (stuffed) or a butterfly (pinned), a fire opal, a bit of moss agate, or even a specimen of iron ore, and you would like your next Packard done in that color combination, you need only say the word. Packard has been making a most interesting research with crystals and feathers and has achieved some amazing and strikingly beautiful color combinations. The theory is, of course, that all color combinations in Nature are harmonious.

The process of breaking up and bringing out the colors with fluorescent light and a polariscope is highly scientific and complicated and I could not follow it very well, having forgotten years ago whatever physics I ever knew. I saw, however, a town car done in beige—at least it looked like beige—with running-gear of a new shade of light blue, the color motif for which

Striking New
JEWELRY
from the
ACCESSORY
SHOP

PERFECT for our sheer woolen frocks, this unusual necklace and bracelet of metal and simulated turquoise or onyx, or gold and shell. And the clip, of baguette and simulated onyx is very charming.

Necklace $10.89
Bracelet . 4.64
Clip . . 4.64

THE ACCESSORY SHOP
BALCONY, STREET FLOOR

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34th Street and Broadway
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HANSON WEIGHMASTER
guards your winter health!

Smart as a custom-built car. A scale of acknowledged superiority. Beautifully finished in durable enamel. Porcelain or Chromium trim. Splendidly constructed of unbreakable sheet steel. Registers weight of one pound upward with that dependable accuracy for which Hanson Scales have been famous for almost half a century!

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HICKS' FAMOUS SODAS
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25 FASCINATING flavors—double the concentrated comprest candy-joy in half the bulk—150 dainty pieces to the pound and only $2—other packages $1—$5—$10—also the delightful little ¼ lb. gold box.

BLACK SEAL

GOBELIN
—Chocolates—

had been found in a piece of blue vitriol. I liked best of all the sedan done in dark gray and green—this from a piece of polished agate—because one might as well be practical when it comes to colors. The chef-d'œuvre of the display was a phaeton in greens and a red, the motif in this case being a Congo love bird—agapornis to you, sir. The chassis and louvre doors were dark green; the body and bonnet, light green; the wheels and stripings, red; and the leather upholstery, a reddish brown, the color of the agapornis' tail feathers.

NOT the least of the small-garage and filling-station rackets—and one that has been giving the distributors of the leading brands of motor fuel much concern—is the cutting of gas. Lower-grade gasoline and water will increase the volume from fifty to sixty per cent without an immediately evident effect on the engine. Although it is an almost general practice to seal supply tanks after delivery, I'm told that the gas bootlegger will supply cleverly counterfeited seals. Tracing the bad gas is rather difficult, too, unless you are in the habit of buying it at the same station.

DO YOU KNOW: That Rayon upholstery is the last word in what the well-groomed car will wear? . . . That Carol of Rumania has ordered a Duesenberg convertible berline? . . . That Rolls-Royce are preparing eight new models for the automobile salons next month? —SPEED

•

I PREFER

Autumn on the Avenue
To country skies' October blue.
Broadway's twinkling incandescents
To harvest moons—both fulls and crescents.
Symphonies by Philharmonics
To skylarks' warbled diatonics.
Élégantes at opening shows
To village belles at R.K.O.'s.
Scents by Lanvin and Chanel
To fields of perfumed asphodel.
Gardenias smartly boxed by Schling's
To hollyhocks with bugs and things.
Speakeasy drinks and raids and sin
To neighbors' doubtful homemade gin.
Sparkling urbane conference
To sophistries across a fence.
Indifference from Apartment D
To rustic familiarity.

—NATHALIE C. DAVIS

To avoid that spotty look

Shun light shades of powder

HERE'S A POWDER THAT BECOMES PART OF THE SKIN

Smart women have learned one of the most important lessons in make-up—that a natural skin only comes when the powder actually blends with the natural skin tone. The new Beige powder from Primrose House is the favorite this fall because it brings out all the lights and color of the skin without that horrid spotty appearance everyone wants to avoid. So fine in texture that it never clogs or cakes, yet it clings like the stone in a peach. Really a $3 powder, it may now be had in dollar portions. One-third the amount for one-third the cost.

At all better class drug and department stores, in boxes, $1 and $3. Primrose House Salon, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Primrose House

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

looking for HALLOWEEN fun?

Just drop into The Terrace Restaurant that evening. Bernie Cummins and his New Yorker Orchestra have brewed some musical divertisements that will lure the most wilful into rhythmic dance. The chef, you'll discover, has caught the spirit of the occasion in many variations to a colorful menu. Be sure to be here and be sure to have a table...make your reservation now...no couvert charge until after ten o'clock.

New Yorker room rates are $3.50 a day and up, with thrifty reductions to permanent guests... Also booking now—dinners, luncheons, dances, etc; for winter season

HOTEL NEW YORKER
MANHATTAN'S LARGEST HOTEL
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RALPH HITZ, Managing Director

REPORTS-FROM-THE-FIELD DEPARTMENT

THE AGENTS

WE'D travelled a whole day from San Francisco before realizing there was something unusual about the occupants of our Pullman. They were twelve other men, now that we thought of it, and obviously going somewhere together. But when the porter finally tipped us off that they were prohibition agents bound for a conference in Washington, they took on a new interest. For in our innocent and unsuccessful efforts to relieve tedium, we'd offered drinks to two of them.

The remaining time was too short for a thorough investigation—and we can only present what's remembered of several representatives.

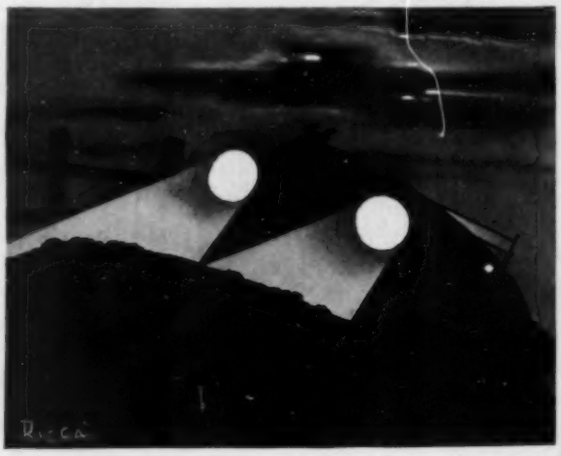
A HEAVY man across the aisle was red-faced, congenial, seemed energetic and capable, and was well dressed if you don't mind striped shirts. He looked as if he had had many and would welcome more. He could carry on a conversation of a limited sort agreeably and well, speaking briskly and using spasmodic gestures. About himself he went no farther than "Am in government work." He had read "Virginibus Puerisque" and seemed to enjoy "Painted Veils," which he borrowed and which he characterized as "pretty racy in spots." Though he would not talk to us about his work, he told stories to the others rather loudly about enforcement in Chicago and Detroit. These had to do chiefly with the jobs put over by other agents (and he was generous in his estimates of their work) and with the difficulty of getting people convicted in court. He appeared facile and competent. We wouldn't like to be up against him in a pinch.

Another was very pleasant, in a wan fashion, but impressed one as being ineffectual. He was middle-aged, short, pale, had little or no chin, and seemed tired; almost too much like the timid soul humorists have publicized. He was most unattractive in shirt-sleeves, since his abdomen had slumped and collected at the level of his pelvis. He would not talk to us about his work, and, since he had a very small supply of other expedient subjects, majored in the weather and his gall-bladder, which, it seemed, was giving considerable trouble. He thought it very hot (this was during a "heat wave") but considered that it couldn't be as hot as in Death Valley, and that the moisture had a good deal to do with it. He was a kindly man, but more like a fatherly bookkeeper approaching retirement than an arm of the law.

A tall young man of about thirty-five, also "in government work," was simply sad. He also was pale, to the point of looking ill, and thin. He seemed unhappy, possibly on account of separation from his wife, who played the trombone. He, too, had been a musician, working with orchestras, rather than dance bands, in and about Chicago, but had given it up because there was no future in it. He kept his toilet articles in a shoebox, and retired early. He didn't even seem to have enough energy to snoop. We felt that he was the one who did the fence-climbing for the troupe, but that he usually found the fences too high. He gave the impression that he would have liked to talk but was afraid of the Major.

The Major (always so addressed) obviously was the papa. He was tall, gaunt, and browned, and, some way, had a shaggy, leonine appearance. He was excellently dressed, in tweeds, and handsome in the Abraham Lincoln manner. He would not talk to us at all, even after we'd gone to the trouble of having the steward seat us with him at a table for two, and considered us a bore.

On station platforms he stalked among the other passengers with never a word or a nod. In the smoking-room he sat with his chin on his chest, morosely. His utterances to the other agents were sepulchral and brief, and usually in answer to questions on



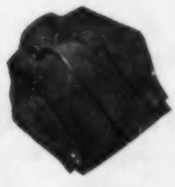
Chills vs. Cheers

IT'S right next to impossible to come through with a good hearty cheer when a whole squad of chills is tearing right through your outer defenses. Under such circumstances, one can contribute little more than a moan for dear old Alma Mater!

And so the moral is—go prepared! Provide yourself with cold-defying comforts—things that can make a football stadium as cozy as your own living room. Furnish yourself with leather jacket, snuggle rug, and overshoes by all means. And if you like such things to have the virtue of great convenience as well as the utmost dash and swagger of style—see that they are Talon-fastened.

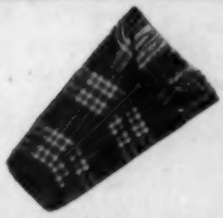
Talon Slide Fasteners are standard equipment on all kinds of outdoor togs and trappings—on sport clothing and equipment and on leather goods and luggage, too.

These newer and better fasteners open with one quick swish and close with the same speed and ease. They never stick or jam. They will not rust—and they actually improve with use! The genuine has the name TALON stamped right on the pull-tab.



***Talon-fastened** Leather Jacket*—that can be put between you and your overcoat in no time at all!

***Talon-fastened** Overshoes*—that add smartness as well as warmth and comfort to feminine feet.



***Talon-fastened** Robe*—that neither snow nor cold nor frigid wind can raise a rumpus with!

***Talon-fastened** Roll Bag*—this smartly styled bag will ride in a roadster and in very small space.

TALON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SLIDE FASTENER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

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MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
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THE brand "Vintners" on a cork like this or on a label is your assurance of very definite quality—not equal to the finest French vintages, but superior to anything produced in the United States prior to Prohibition and fully as good as many from abroad. "Vintners" is a brand of concentrated grapes—blended cuvees of

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We invite correspondence and shall be glad to answer all questions.

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geography. He knew, at any moment, whether the train was in Nebraska, Iowa, or Wyoming, and the others, appreciating this, flattered him by asking. Rarely he would immortalize a spot with an anecdote about the Indian Service, in which he had evidently served. The Major seemed just a little soured with it all, and, with the proper introduction, just the man to approach with a proposition.

THE others of the outfit made even less impression than this. And we feel that the study was pretty fragmentary. A lot of nice questions could have been asked if repression hadn't set so heavily upon them, if the Major hadn't been there, or if one of them had accepted our ingenuous offers.

At Chicago they gathered their briefcases, tipped the porter from twenty-five cents to two dollars for the three-day trip, and parted. The password was: "I'll see you tomorrow in Washington." —F. A. F.

•

THIS WAY OUT

Now that it doesn't matter so much
any longer,
Now that my little wings are decidedly
stronger,
Now that I've ceased to regard you as
wholly essential,
Now that my attitude's ceased to be so
reverential,
Why must you bring your heart tardily
cracking in pieces?
Why must you come with your
forehead in piteous creases,
Asking me painfully why I grow
colder and colder,
Begging to stake out a permanent claim
on my shoulder,
Whispering wanly of love and
reminding me sadly
Of days when I welcomed your casual
kisses so gladly?
Darling, if I had the sense of a baby
I'd let you
Continue to think that I really intend
to forget you.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

The wedding was quiet, only relatives and close friends attended. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody of Groton, Mass., where Mr. Whitney formerly was a student. He was arrested by Rev. Dr. Charles Jarvis Harriman, rector of St. James the Less. —*Hartford Courant.*

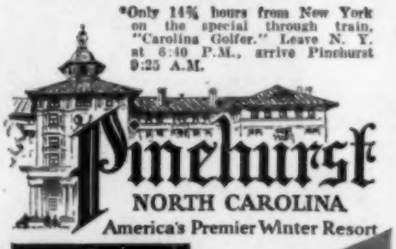
The wedding was quiet, you say?

The soft air has a cadence woven by the rustling pines as you wake in your sunlit bedroom and look forward to a new day of delight. Sport calls you to the smooth golf fairways, so cleverly trapped . . . or the zest of tennis . . . or a friendly gallop through pine-scented woods . . . or the dash of polo . . . and other sports. How hospitably you are received in the luxurious Carolina. And it's so easy* to reach Pinehurst!

CAROLINA HOTEL OPENS OCT. 27
SPECIAL RATES IN NOVEMBER

For reservations or new, beautifully illustrated booklet, address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

*Only 14¾ hours from New York on the special through train, "Carolina Golfer." Leave N. Y. at 6:40 P.M., arrive Pinehurst 9:25 A.M.



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America's Premier Winter Resort

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GIPSY TEA-KETTLE
200 West 50th Street—Circle 1700
Diagonally opposite Roxy Theatre

LUNCH DINNER .75 AFTERNOON TEA .50

Your fortune gratis—Play bridge if you like.
Open daily 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.
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GENTLEMEN SERVED
Your Bridge Party or "Get-together" Function will be a "Hit" here

THE RACE TRACK

The Last Stop — Some Top-Flight Two-Year-Olds—On Betting Decisions

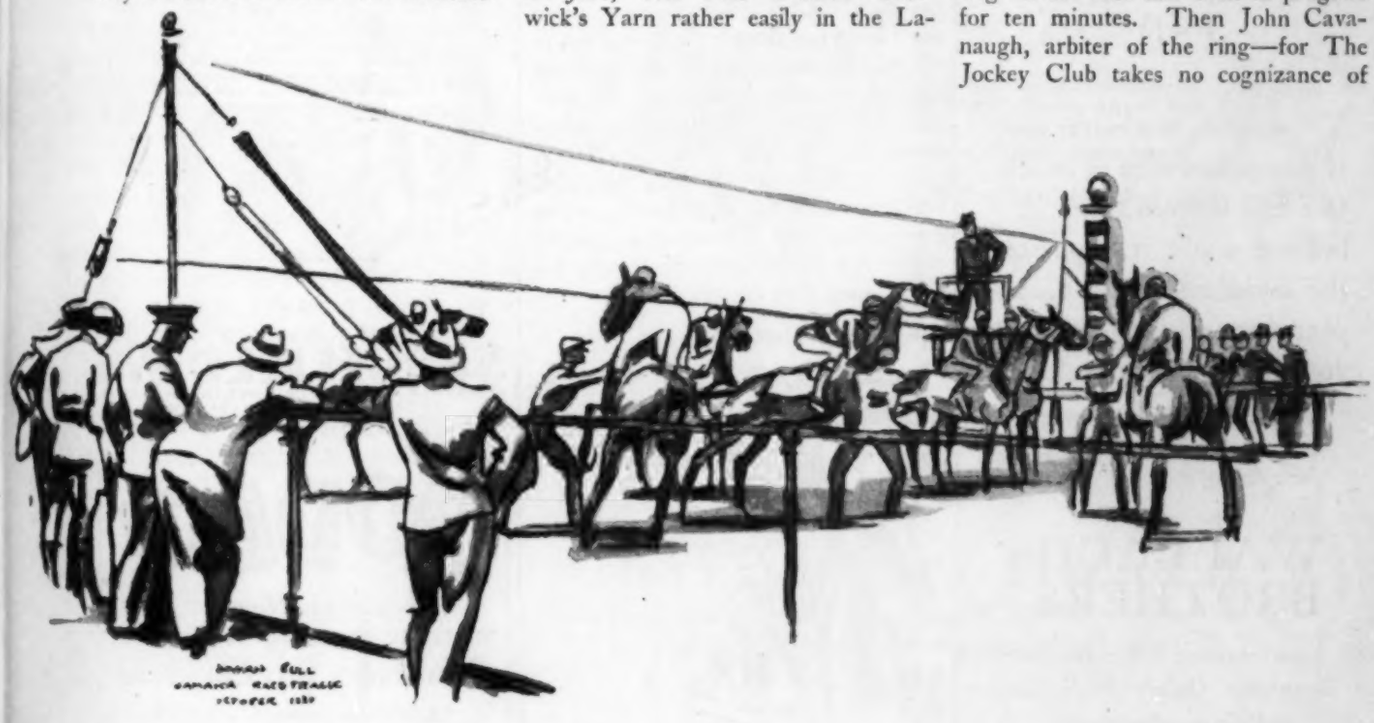
HERE we are at Empire City again, the last stop on the road. Jamaica track has closed its gates and we shall see no more racing on Long Island until next year—except those of us who look in on the United Hunts at Belmont Park in November. "The smaller the audience, the better the music sounds" does not apply to race meetings; but I daresay we shall not mind, as we do not come to the little track beside the reservoir with great expectations.

SOME horses never are taken seriously, no matter how consistent they may be. I am thinking of Vander Pool, who has won eleven races, six of them stakes. Each time he has started, since he came up from Miami, by way of Bowie, it has been predicted: "Well, they'll take him today;" but he is the only colt near the top in the handicap weights who is unbeaten. So it was in the Remsen Handicap, at Jamaica, in which Mrs. Allen's Campfire colt ran with all of his old dash, despite disquieting rumors about his underpinning that sent him to the post at a generous price. He won all the way, although Rollin In ran him to a head, after losing ground on the stretch turn. And I think that Anchors Aweigh can now be set down as being only a fast-track horse. He floundered and sprawled in the heavy going.

THE winner of the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes invariably is made the early favorite in the future betting on the Kentucky Derby the following year. Although this is looking rather far into the future, I think the choice of Twenty Grand will be a sound one. Mrs. Payne Whitney's colt, in winning the Junior Champion and the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, both of which are at one mile, left no doubt about his ability as a stayer. He is a fast horse, too, for he lowered the track record for eight furlongs at Churchill Downs to 1:36. Kurtsinger, who rode him, told me he could have won by more than a head had he used his whip, so there is no knowing how good he is. Equipoise, who has had the bad luck to run second in five major stakes in his last six starts, ran a good race. I daresay the two colts will meet again in the Pimlico Futurity, at Baltimore, a fortnight hence—and Twenty Grand will win that, too.

IT'S Spinach again. William Ziegler, Jr.'s, colt beat Brother Bostwick's Yarn rather easily in the Latonia Championship Stakes last weekend. Spinach had the race in hand throughout the mile and six furlongs. Sun Beau, who beat him in the Hawthorne Gold Cup the week before, finished fourth in the Laurel Stakes. Such is form.

"YOU can't win if you can't lose" is the dictum of my friend Moxie, the outside man—obviously more equitable than the ruling in the Valour II incident at Jamaica last week. Valour II had been tampered with—drugged with chloral—but was not withdrawn from the Medford Handicap, for which he was an odds-on favorite, until betting on the race had been in progress for ten minutes. Then John Cavanaugh, arbiter of the ring—for The Jockey Club takes no cognizance of



wagers—ruled that all bets on the horse should be declared off, but those on Beau Wrack and Sign Off, the other runners, should stand.

As Beau Wrack was 6–1 and Sign Off 8–5 at the time, backers of either horse could make winning over the race certain by betting on the other animal. Thus, one sharpshooter, following on the heels of the rumor, bet five hundred dollars on Beau Wrack and a thousand dollars on Sign Off, and stood to win either two thousand or eleven hundred dollars. Then, the professional betters and layers decided to declare all bets off, which should have been the ruling in the first place. However, the professionals did not object in the least to the casual visitors' profiting, if they could, by the ruling. "They don't know anything about prices, percentage, or angles, or what it's all about," said one regular. "They might as well get a break for once."

FOR the first time since it was passed, the stewards invoked the rule that owner and trainer must be responsible for the condition of their horse, and suspended Fatty Anderson and his horse, Valour II. It may be a bit drastic, considering that stable help is of such uncertain quality, but I think it would be a good rule if it were enforced in every case. And I wonder: would it be enforced if one of Harry Whitney's horses were nobbled?

SO much criticism has been levelled at the starter and the starting on the Jockey Club tracks that any more must seem repetitious. Still, it seems to me that George Cassidy and his merry men pay too much attention to the badly behaved horses, endeavoring to get them away well, at the expense of the others. Fields are held in line until the moment the bad actors are set to go—though the favorite may not be ready—or the rogues are swung to-

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ward the tape as it goes up, which gives them a moving start, and lengths the best of it. The most unfortunate, and unfair, practice, however, is using a well-mannered horse as a buffer between a fractious one and the rest of the runners. I believe that if the starter gave every horse a chance, and then, if the bad actors would not face the tape, started races without them, we should have less delay at the post and better-behaved horses. Of course, the stall gates would be an improvement, but—whisper—fields are quite as long at the post in Maryland, where they have stall gates, as at home. In fact, they are longer.

A FRIEND, who believes they do things so much better in France, wrote to his trainer at Maisons-Laffitte to send him some nose-bands, done in his racing colors, for the bridles of his horses here. When they arrived he also received a bill for "six nuzbans." Paging Mr. Feitelbaum.

THE MORNING LINE: The stewards of The Jockey Club now wear gold badges, instead of silver ones, in their coat lapels. . . . John McGraw has joined the paddock marching club. . . . I'm told we shall have a Widener stall gate next summer, but seeing's believing. . . . I'm also told that James Butler may merge Empire City with Jamaica, combining the best features of both (loud shouts of "What are they?"). . . . The outside men are graduates of Moler's Barber College. . . . Tommy Murphy will not retire when he leaves the Greentree Stable next month. . . . The high-priced yearlings of last season again are flops, with Mrs. Amory's forty-five-thousand-dollar Man o' War colt, War, and Mrs. Crawford's thirty-six-thousand-dollar Epinard colt, Follow Thru, still in the maiden class. . . . The boys on the lawn must have a sense of humor, for the day he finished down the course to Vander Pool, they called Robot "Rowboat." —AUDAX MINOR

•

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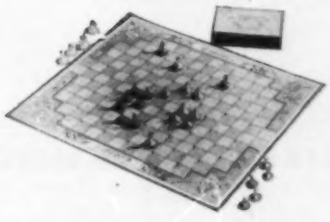

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bigger But Not Better—Viennese Charm — Tractors in the Village

ALL this talk among movie people about the third-dimensional film leaves me only a little chill. Just what sort of optical illusion this added dimension is supposed to convey is a mystery. "Billy the Kid," called a Realife film, is the latest contribution with this pretension, and as one of those "steps forward" in the science of the movies, it is no certain triumph. The film is larger, to be sure; it fills the whole proscenium arch of a big stage, and that alone is effective, especially in landscapes. In closeups or interiors, on the other hand, characters look a little too porous and almost ludicrously mammoth. As for some suggestion of an added effect of "depth," I fear that many a good picture of only ordinary dimensions has done quite as well. As I seem to recall having said before, a picture is not necessarily of more value because it takes up more room.

If a step forward in the matter of size, the picture would appear to be a step backward in the matter of sound. From the mumblings and rumblings of the talking machinery I got only a hazy concept of the story, though I doubt if the plot be of any special subtlety even when audible. I did gather that this chronicle of that noted youth whose killings startled the Southwest in the last century described him somewhat as a local benefactor. I think that one of the characters said that Billy's easy shooting skill had made the county a decent place to live in. I caught one line from the Stallings-MacArthur dialogue—almost word for word, I think. The scene is a besieged house, fatally unequipped with water, and a desperate inmate makes the needed dash to the well outside, to be shot in the proceeding. "To think I'd die," he gasps on his deathbed, "to get a drink of water!" "Billy the Kid" has its hard-boiled moments, and also—because, largely, of the big screen, and of excellent photography, anyhow—moments of fine, dramatic pictorial quality. A cave scene, for instance, I recommend.

TUCKED away in that little movie nook in Fifty-fifth Street is the charming and really agreeable picture of the moment. It's a German talkie, and I don't know any more German than you do. After all, you don't need much German to listen to music, and this is a Viennese operetta with a lot of good tunes, and a general deftness and talent in their presentation. It's called "Zwei Herzen im 3-4 Takt," and the story, which you can read in the program, concerns the efforts of a composer to find a waltz for his operetta. The whole thing is as pretty and choice a morsel as you may hope to see these days.

THERE are several bad new pictures, you won't be surprised to hear, released for your delectation. At least I suppose that that was their purpose. I can't think that the movies had any definite intention of making the public miserable. Richard Arlen appears in "The Santa Fe Trail" as a sheepman in a tale of Indians, cattle-rustlers, Spanish fiestas, and the like, but his presence does not salvage the silly, terribly dull story. Nothing does, except possibly the horsemanship of Mitzi Green; and our glimpses of that are brief.

"Maybe It's Love" is the week's football picture, about the daughter of a college president who entices an All-America team to enroll in her father's small institution, for her father is to be fired if the big game is lost. The picture isn't lively, though, or funny, or by any means surprising.

For melodrama, there are "Scotland Yard," with Edmund Lowe, and "Loose Ends," an English offering. "Scotland Yard" ought to be better than it is. It lets you down with ordinary acting and an obnoxious lack of plausibility. Also, it is one of those stories, invariably deadening to interest, where the bad bold man has a change of heart because of the influence of a good woman. It would be charming to come upon in real life, I am sure. Mistaken identity and the plastic surgery of the war the war's great blessing to plot-makers throughout the world, form the background for this sketch. Mr. Lowe plays both the part of the crook and of His Lordship whom the crook resembles, and the scene in

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there's still "what a widow"...gloria swanson puts off mourning and takes on a bunch of the boys and some swell clothes.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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which they are shown together will indicate all sorts of camera agility to the younger spectators. It is a better picture, though, than "Loose Ends," which goes on forever and ever, with endless argument. An actress finds that the man she has just married is a murderer. Fifteen years ago it happened, and caused a bit of talk at the time. He can explain his deed in a way. "I was a child," he declares, "doing what a child does." Oh, those English children!

TO conclude my memoirs on a lofty and dignified note, I should mention "Soil," a new Russian film. The picture is concerned with the favorite dramatic theme of the Soviet artists: the introduction of new methods of farming to the local wheatlands. Of more interest to these unusual people than the awakening of pure love or the dawn of passion is the coming of the tractor. I must say, too, that there are more persons in this town absorbed in this subject than one might suspect. Down there at that little Eighth Street house, where the picture has been shown, the crowd gets very excited, and there is applause, and even now and then a hiss; and never in my days have I heard a hiss uptown. In "Soil," a silent picture, a caption was thrown on the screen, a comment of the older peasant as the tractor comes over the hilltop. "There is no God," he says at the sight, and this statement was suddenly met with applause by some of the guests. You will be happy to learn that at once the faithful downed the applause with pious hisses. The whole moment was very intense, and it was a great relief to everyone when the picture passed on to some close-ups of apples seen from various angles.

—J. C. M.

•

WOMEN

I knew a woman who
Fathomed me well,
Reading deep in my eyes
All I would not tell.

And I knew a woman who
Searched me for more
Than she could ever find
Or had found before.

But I loved a woman best
Who never thought to see
All that I kept hid
In the depth of me.

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Main Line Get-Together —Blood and Sand—The Arrival of the Irish

LAST week was a perfect orgy of hunt meets—three days at Rose Tree and one at Red Bank. The only trouble with this lavish spread was that there weren't enough horses to go around, and people found themselves taking too much time off from the office to watch mediocre sport. Few people outside of the horse world realize that there are really two serious crises in this country; the other one being the lack of rain, which has made the ground so hard that all the horses are breaking down in training before they even get to the races. As a result, Rose Tree, which is the biggest meeting of all in point of money offered and races run, turned into a little Main Line get-together; than which there are worse, but also more exciting, things.

This is among the loveliest of all courses: completely in the British tradition, with a long straightaway of well-kept turf, clumps of great old trees that should shelter red deer, and a rambling grandstand entirely filled with heathery tweeds, chestnutty leather, and pearl-gray bowlers. Out of eighteen races, however, only two are over timber; the rest are on the flat or the short route over brush, which gives a United Hunts atmosphere to the sport rather than one of dyed-in-the-wool fox-hunting.

Justa Farms had a round half-dozen winners; four in one day, in fact. Gerry Leiper, who will be a tradition in a few more years, showed the young lads that he can still ride a flat race with the best.

WHILE all this was going on, the Monmouth County Hounds were holding a meet at Red Bank which attracted Kirk's Court, Bizarre, and a few lesser lights, besides a justly optimistic local entry.

Everyone missed Rufus Finch, who upset all expectations by surviving a nasty accident a few weeks ago; and this cheering proof that horses aren't as dangerous as they seem must have bucked up the attending wives and

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CLAM JUICE *Cocktails*

Those who know their clam juice cocktails (which means most of the men you'd ever let into your life) haven't the faintest idea how to make them. Neither have their wives.

¶ So that's where you step forward, without saying a word about the recipe for Underwood Clam Juice cocktails which we will send you, and win their deathless admiration as an incomparable hostess.

¶ The recipe comes to you quite secretly, when you tell us where you can be reached . . . The pure, concentrated clam juice, put up in the Underwood kitchens down in Maine, comes in bottles at your grocer's . . . and the coupon below will serve, discreetly, as our go-between.

Make them with UNDERWOOD'S CLAM JUICE

Underwood Deviled Ham, by the way, makes scrumptious hors d'oeuvres and sandwiches. We make that—too.

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85 Walnut Street, Watertown, Mass.

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Panama Pacific Line
ALL NEW STEAMERS
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

mothers considerably, for the timber course brought riders down in numbers. It's a short course, three times around, with several jumps sharply pitched up or down hill; and while the fences are not absolutely unbreakable, they're big and stiff enough to do the trick. The Masters' Cup, one of those races for bona-fide hunters, to be ridden in pink, was a horrible slaughter, as such races always are when the contestants take the rules literally. Everything came down except Gerald Balding's Parkaseka, with Brother Barney up, and most of the falls were of the blood-and-sand, stretcher-and-ambulance variety.

Bizarre, who had such a good win at Mt. Kisco the week before, was well beaten in the third race, and the bad luck clung to Kirk's Court in the feature, which was won by Allison Stern's Waverley Star, who had been saved up all fall and was really ready.

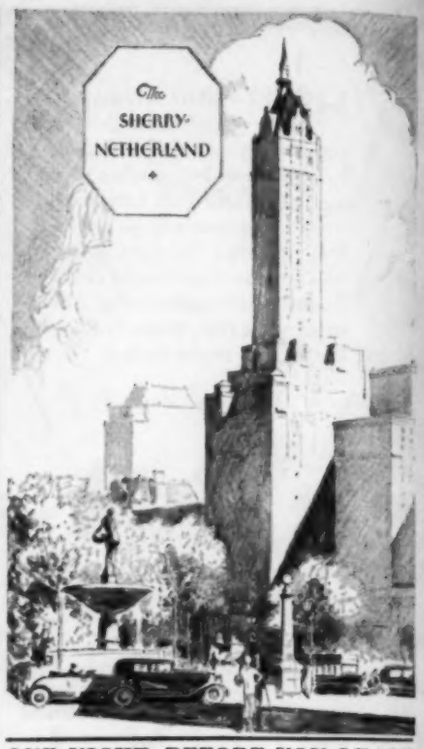
Then the whole apple cart upset when Brown Ruler, Thomas Durant's winner at Meadow Brook and Rye, found the rough, hilly, hunting course too much for his park experience. Brush races are an anomaly anyway; they should be on the turf at large meetings or over timber at small ones. The same horse cannot win over both, and the players don't realize this.

However, all in all, it was a nice, friendly meeting; everyone saw everybody, and all the farmers got blankets.

JUST in case there are any ingenuous souls whose hearts beat faster at the thought of another National Horse Show approaching: The opening gun was fired some days ago with the arrival of the Irish team, which last year had such a vociferous and sadly disappointed following. Where there are Irishmen, there are politics; so after all sorts of public and private upheavals, this team has turned out to be almost entirely different from last year's, with the exception of Captain Cyril Bolde-Harty and Captain Finlay.

Not a whit downhearted after last year's results, they are following the same program; which is to send the horses to Boston for the show there, where they were so successful on their last visit, only to come down with influenza and general worldweariness at the National. The other teams adopt the policy used for the British polo ponies this fall—landing the horses so near the time the National starts that they don't realize they are in a strange land until it's all over.

—TOUCH AND GO



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Before you lease for fall, test the private-home luxury and Sherry-trained service of one of these sky-tower apartments. When in town one night, stay at the Sherry Netherland.

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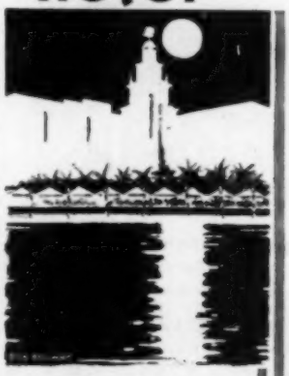

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BECAUSE it has become "play headquarters" for the world's most respected minds . . . leaders in the arts, in science, government and industry . . . and incidentally in society . . . people who work hard, think profoundly and play intelligently . . . the Roney Plaza, America's finest seaside hotel, is the acknowledged center of smart winter-time activities. Demands for accommodations this season are brisk. Early reservations are advisable. Please address Dept. "F"

MIAMI BEACH
FLORIDA

NEW APARTMENTS

Opposite the Museum—
East Side Neighbors—
Rejuvenated Chatham

ONCE in a while, a rental building ascends into the rarified air of upper Fifth Avenue, and once in a while it is as dignified, as complete, and as luxurious as a coöperative. Thus you have, in a large nutshell, the main news of 993 Fifth Avenue—across from the Museum. Here there are apartments, each occupying a whole floor, of fifteen or sixteen rooms, beautifully laid out, very formal, which are eminently suited to people who would buy ordinarily but who have some reason for preferring to pay ample rent instead. A few things, like the mantels, are a trifle less perfect than they would be if you purchased them yourself, but you probably would buy them anyway. The windows are rather notable—metal casements which open out, and easily, and have horizontal sections across top and bottom to allow for conflicting tastes in ventilation. Two or three rooms have open fireplaces; the living-room (huge, with nice wide windows on the Park) always has, and also the main master chamber, which possesses, as well, a bath-dressing-room that is in no way a bagatelle. It has big windows, closets, arches, niches, and the most civilized, Continental way of recessing all the familiar accessories into its cream-colored tile walls—leaving plenty of space to move about in. The remaining baths—one to each bedroom—are all much larger than average, and correspondingly well equipped.

THE halls, foyers, kitchens, pantries, and domestic conveniences are ample. Kitchens are tiled to the ceiling, and floored with blue and white blocks. Vast Seeger refrigerators with Frigidaire innards are accessible both to the butler and the cook—peacemakers, as it were. Two big linen closets are not only amply shelved, but have built-in blanket drawers, a delicate attention. The main foyer in each apartment has a small dressing-room and coat closet to facilitate entertaining, and here the libraries are meant to be used as libraries and not to contain daybeds and ubiquitous relatives. The bedrooms go on and on—hardly any family could fill them all. Rents run from $13,000 to $30,000 annually; Douglas L. Elliman is the agent, and will assist you to get the walls painted and sundry details attended to. Occupancy, now.

IN the far-east reaches of Seventy-second Street, two new, good, moderately priced coöperatives are shouldering each other in neighborly fashion. Comparisons are superfluous; each house has its virtues.

No. 320 East Seventy-second is the newest offering from the rivets and trowels of James Stewart & Company. Seven to eleven rooms, with the desirable number of baths, may be bought; and each apartment enjoys a living-room of more than average size. The floor plans are as consistently good as you could ask. There are no major faults, and the minor ones are chiefly closets which are smaller than you'd hope for, considering the large number that there are. The pantries and kitchens are particularly pleasing, what with more windows than they need, and the nicest equipment—again including the Seeger-Frigidaire combination. The finishing details are good—furred ceilings in the main rooms, though beams loom elsewhere—and soft blue-gray tiles in the baths. All eight-room suites have libraries with shower baths attached—to cool the fevered reader's brain, no doubt. The sleeping-rooms are gracefully segregated; there are open fireplaces (for which you buy the mantels) and extra servants' rooms, which will be necessary for some of the apartments.

Prices, from about $16,000 for seven rooms to $27,200 for eight (on the ninth floor); estimated annual maintenance, a bit over ten per cent. Incidentally, there is a knockout duplex roof apartment with two terraces and a sun parlor; eleven rooms and five baths for $51,700—a bargain, or I know nothing, after all. Albert B. Ashforth & Company, selling agents; Sutton, Blagden & Lynch, associate selling agents.

NO. 340 East Seventy-second Street, nearby, is charming—very simple and done in good taste. Perhaps its great appeal is its living-rooms, which are practically square—usually about twenty by twenty-two feet—and therefore delightful to my old-fashioned eyes. They all have fireplaces, well-spaced windows, and character—and the illusion of being larger than they are. The bedrooms run toward the smallish, but are well planned. An occasional dressing-room adds to the comfort, and there are plenty of closets, which could be larger but are still accommodating. Dining-rooms and service quarters are all they should be. Occasionally you have to enter the dining-room through the living-room, but maybe other people don't consider that awkward.

The very moderate prices of these apartments suggest them to my mind as good ideas for young families needing room to grow in; anyway, they are recommended. Refrigerators are not furnished, their average cost being deducted from the selling price, as the management insists you can't please everybody with one brand of ice. You may have from five rooms and two baths for $10,700 to ten rooms and four baths for $32,000; the eight-room apartments range from $16,000 to $25,000. Culver Associates, selling agents; Douglas Gibbons & Company, associate agents.

OF all rejuvenation processes, the only one I warm to is that of taking an old hotel, leaving it its character, dignity, and atmosphere, and giving it new furniture, decoration, and flattering accessories. As this happens among our older and dearer inns, I like to record it, the most recent event being the renaissance of the Chatham. This quiet, comfortable place has been refurnished and redecorated, and is worth more than a look. It offers some of the most restful suites you will find in town, some perfectly astonishing new bathrooms with color, plate glass, marble, and mirrors lavishly used, and a good deal of very inviting furniture. No attempt has been made to standardize the decorations or destroy the old, peaceful note—but you can be more comfortable there than you ever were before, which is saying a great deal. —PENTHOUSE

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Times]

News of the purported sale was received by Barlow, who is here pressing claims to large properties which he says the Cubans seized years ago, from his wife in a cablegram.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PEOPLE'S SERVANTS—II

I DO not think there is any such thing as a political type. The men engaged in politics whom I have observed have all varied. Mayor Walker is the most political; Alfred E. Smith, the hardest; Calvin Coolidge, the most bloodless; Dwight Morrow, the most appealing; and young Theodore Roosevelt, the most forlorn.

I make no claims of knowing young Roosevelt. Every time I have seen him he has been exactly the same, laughing and grabbing somebody by the shoulders. His friends have told me that personally he is a delightful fellow. His mannerisms are unfortunate, yet I do not believe that he consciously imitates his father's gestures. The trouble is that, lacking his father's more forceful face, and, too, his father's poundage, he is an easy subject for those cartoonists who make him a jumping jack.

I suppose young Roosevelt is the only Republican or Democratic candidate for governor who ever openly campaigned for votes in another state. This was during his campaign against Smith in 1924. Unknown to him, the Erie Railroad, upon which his special train was travelling at the time, wanders over the state line into Pennsylvania for a few miles. The train stopped at a watering tank and Roosevelt popped out on the rear platform. A few railroad workers and stray townspeople gathered around and he made a stirring speech, appealing to them to vote for him and down Tammany that fall.

Losing that campaign was a bitter blow to young Roosevelt. Today he is one of those men who for one reason or another—probably because of habit as much as anything—are "taken care of" by the political party to which they belong. In both parties there are men of this type. They are forever receiving appointments, and I suppose the theory is that their names are of value.

ALTHOUGH he was defeated by Smith, Roosevelt put up a fairly colorful campaign. I once heard Smith say that all Teddy talked about was playing freshman football at Harvard. He certainly brought in a kind of English public-school atmosphere, but he did talk about other things. One of these was taxation. And to make it all perfectly plain to his rear-platform audiences, he used his hat as an illustration. The hat represented taxes. If the taxes were lower he, Roosevelt, would not have had to pay so much for his hat and you, his audience, would not have had to pay so much for your hats.

One day he began his hat speech, but there wasn't any hat. He had mislaid his own somewhere and without a hat he was helpless. Leaning over the platform, he grabbed a hat belonging to a small-town politician and began his speech. The result was something as follows:

ROOSEVELT: "See this hat? This hat cost me seven dollars—"

LOCAL POLITICIAN: "It did not. It didn't cost you a damn cent. It cost me ten dollars."

ROOSEVELT (*crumpling up the hat to give added force to his gestures*): "Now this hat—"

LOCAL POLITICIAN: "Hey, what the devil are you doing to that hat?"

ROOSEVELT: "Fellow-citizens, look at this hat. It isn't worth seven dollars. It's no good—"

LOCAL POLITICIAN: "Sure it's worth seven dollars; it's worth ten dollars. And what's more, it's a damn good hat."

Roosevelt took it good-humoredly and has always considered it a good joke on himself.

Father and son. Of all the mass meetings that young Roosevelt attended in his campaign for governor none exceeded in enthusiasm the one staged in Buffalo. James W. Wadsworth, then United States Senator, was the chairman. Remember this was only a few years after the war. Wadsworth did a splendid job. He told how Teddy, the younger, had manfully enlisted and gone overseas. At this point from down the street came the faint strains of a band playing "Over There." Wadsworth followed Teddy into the trenches. The band came nearer, the music grew louder. He followed Teddy over the top into No Man's Land, and at this point, into the hall came Teddy himself, grinning and clenching his hat, the band behind him playing "Over There" full blast. There were politicians who remembered, though, that years before that, at a mass meeting in Rochester when another Teddy was campaigning, a band likewise marched up the street to the meeting hall, playing "There'll Be A Hot Time in the Old Town To-

"Y'see, since we put the good beer in we're getting a better class of people."

Magical radio performance...unequaled value ...have made PHILCO

THE LARGEST SELLING RADIO TODAY

When Henry Bove, flautist, plays for you in the Philco Symphony concerts, Tuesday evenings, over the Columbia network, a radio whose units are but partially *balanced can only bring you the distorted* approximation *pictured at the left. With Philco's* exact *balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

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This has been the crucial year for the radio industry. Only those offering *real quality* plus *real value* have received the approval—and patronage—of the American public. Most significantly, it is the year in which Philco has become the leader of the industry because its radio *performance* and *value* have been preeminent.

We solemnly affirm that Philco AC or DC Screen Grid, with Tone-Control and Balanced Units is more radio than you are being offered at far higher prices. In some cases, twice the money will not buy a set as selective; as powerful; as rich and true in tone; as much of a distance-getter as this one.

TONE CONTROL

And Philco Tone-Control gives you instant control of station tone through four degrees of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" and "Deep."

Until recently the Manhattan DC's and the Direct Current users everywhere, could not enjoy these great Philco advantages. But now Philco is available in the grand Highboy shown here, and in a Lowboy, too, which operate on Direct Current. Into them, Philco has put *everything it knows* in the creation of magical radio performance.

Every Philco has illuminated Station Recording Dial and improved Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $198 (Radio-Phonograph). Concert Grand, greatest of all receivers, $350. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current and in a Battery Set. Ask your dealer for free demonstration today. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is obtainable through authorized dealers.

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An exquisite furniture piece in matched and figured American butt walnut. New Electro-Dynamic Speaker built-in. All-Electric with Philco Tone-Control and Balanced Units $149.50
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PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
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Stokowski, outstanding genius of the conductor's baton, has created a new broadcasting method which in his words "makes the broadcast of the modern orchestra even more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall." His success in the first Philco Concert October 12 was overwhelming. Tune in for

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night," and this Roosevelt, grinning widely and clenching his hat, burst into the hall with the band behind him.

THIS is a Smith story that has gone the rounds for years. It has to do with a typewriter salesman who lived in Albany and who, in going to his office, met Smith in the street every day. At each meeting it was "Good morning, Governor" on the part of the salesman and "Good morning, Mr. Commissioner" on the part of Smith, who, in the good Tammany fashion, gave everyone a title.

One day the salesman's district manager came to call and the two men went to the Capitol. Smith happened to walk by them and the usual greeting took place. The district manager was duly impressed and the salesman daringly obeyed that impulse which comes to humble individuals occasionally.

"Want to meet my friend, the Governor?" he asked.

"I certainly do," replied the manager. So the salesman hurried after Smith down the corridor with the district manager bringing up the rear, and all three marched into the executive office. Smith went ahead into his inner office, leaving the two typewriter men, disconcerted, behind. Smith's secretary came in and Smith demanded: "Who's that fellow out there and the one with him?"

"Why, that's George Jones, a typewriter salesman, and his manager."

Whereupon Smith boomed: "Say, George, come on in and bring your friend with you."

After the meeting, George Jones lingered behind and, turning to the Governor, said: "Governor, you certainly did me a big favor and I know you don't know who I am. Will you do just one more thing? Next week my company is having a meeting and you're the guest of honor. I'll be standing in the doorway of the banquet hall and when you come in will you speak to me?"

When Smith got to the banquet, there, in the entrance to the room, stood George Jones, eyes popping.

Smith stopped, looked around, fastened his own eyes on Jones, said heartily, "Hello there, George," and strode to the head table.

GOVERNOR SMITH was an old, old hand at meeting the gentlemen of the press and he did an excellent job. He used, with good effect, the "off the record" method. When he was talking off the record it meant that he was not to be quoted, either directly or indirectly, but the political writers could return to their offices and write "it is understood" or "it was learned today" that such and such would happen.

Mr. Smith did not have a campaign headquarters. He met reporters in his suite in the Hotel Biltmore. Mrs. Henry Moskowitz was usually present and when Mr. Smith, if he was talking for publication, became, in her opinion, a bit too colorful in his expressions, Mrs. Moskowitz would ask that it be "stricken out."

I always thought that this caution was a mistake, for it was much more characteristic of Mr. Smith to say So-and-So didn't know what he was talking about than to say "I disagree with him."

I never heard but one person address Smith as "Al." Even political writers who had known him from the days when he went up to the Legislature as a young man always addressed him as "Governor." The exception came on the night Mr. Smith had defeated Ogden L. Mills in the gubernatorial campaign of 1926. Smith, Mayor Walker, and Robert F. Wagner, now United States Senator, were in Tammany's old wigwam in Fourteenth Street hearing late election returns in a small, smoke-filled room. Smith was in high spirits. His reëlection over Mills had been sweeping and this meant that he would be seriously considered as a Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1928. Wagner was nervous. He was his party's senatorial candidate against James W. Wadsworth and the returns were close. His election was by no means sure. Smith playfully picked up a telephone receiver and, with his finger holding the hook down, held an imaginary conversation with the executive mansion at Albany. He gave orders that the animals in his private zoo should be kept there and said that he would soon be up to see them. Wagner forced a smile to his face. Meanwhile a typical Tammany crowd, "regular guys," were waiting to greet the successful candidates in the auditorium. Smith started out of the room to meet them, when Walker said: "Al, don't forget Bob Wagner. Bob ought to go along with you too."

Smith had the reputation of being a "good fellow" and I daresay that he was. I usually saw him in the strain of a campaign, when no man could be expected to wear a perpetual smile. Yet I rarely saw that far-famed Smith smile during interviews. Reporters waited for him in the corridor outside his hotel suite until after his breakfast, which was at ten-thirty. After a couple of waiters had gone in and brought out Mr. Smith's breakfast tray, the reporters knew that the Governor would soon be ready to see them. From the appearance of the tray, the Governor enjoyed grapefruit.

Mr. Smith was usually seated, hat on, smoking a cigar. Mrs. Moskowitz, who has one of the most intelligent faces I have ever seen, and whose voice was invariably cool and quiet, would come in. Sometimes the Governor said "Shoot." There would be a few questions. Reporters might whisper "He's in a grouchy mood today." If Mr. Smith was feeling well he might joke with some of the older political men about golf scores.

Very often he would, half facetiously although not particularly humorously, dictate the interview for the reporters, beginning: "You fellows can say that when interviewed this morning the Governor said . . ."

OFTEN there is a mysterious figure about campaign headquarters. For instance, Jack Duffy suddenly appeared at Mr. Morrow's headquarters in Newark. I never knew who Duffy was. I believe his father had been a labor organizer in mines. Duffy himself came from Pennsylvania and his connections with the Morrow campaign were vague. Yet, such a man is often an important asset. Duffy certainly was. Mr. Morrow shunned the press. For some people, talking to reporters is always a difficult job, although why it should be I don't know. With Mr. Morrow it appeared to be. Of course he had been, as a Morgan partner, brought up in the Morgan tradition: Never say a word to a reporter. There are ten rules in the House of Morgan bearing upon the

press. The first rule is silence, and the last rule is silence, and so are the eight rules in between. Nor did his duties as ambassador bring him in touch with newspapermen. Also, the fact that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was his son-in-law may have contributed to shyness. Duffy and Mr. Morrow's associates at campaign headquarters quite rightly believed that Mr. Morrow and the reporters assigned to his campaign should meet. They arranged that this meeting should take place in Mr. Morrow's home in Englewood and, as additional bait for the reporters, the possibility was held out that Lindbergh would be present. The reporters were on time, but Mr. Morrow was late. This led to a brief period of awkwardness. The visitors had to wander aimlessly about the grounds. They were shown a lake where Lindbergh had some kind of a boat, but neither boat nor Lindbergh was in sight; just the lake. Mr. Morrow finally drove up and the press representatives were asked into the house.

THERE had been strict pledges that no mention of the meeting would be made in the newspapers and none was, although the entire proceedings could have been proclaimed to the world for all the inside information that the newspapermen received. The questioning was stilted. Two servingmen came in, each carrying a tray. On one tray were glasses and on the other sandwiches. Mr. Morrow explained that his was a dry household. The liquid in the glasses was either a dry cider or a dry ginger ale—I could not tell which.

The party was hardly a jolly one, yet I think I can say that every newspaperman who met Mr. Morrow liked him and that all were hoping he would be nominated. To me he is the most appealing of all the major political candidates I have ever met. Although he did shun the press, whenever he met a reporter he was pleasant and gave the impression of being infinitely more sincere and genuinely pleased to meet him than many a candidate who calls the newspapermen by their nicknames.

Jack Duffy, who had helped to arrange the Englewood meeting, gave

Beauty MAGIC

....you sit in a pastel room as still as a mountain top. Unseen fingers flutter toward your face and smooth it up, up, with a cream all coolness and fragrance. Wee pads, warm and aromatic, are laid upon your eyes, and you are left to dream....One by one the little knots of tenseness untie themselves and melt away ....your face is really resting.

Now comes a deliciously tingling face bath, setting your skin aglow, awakening your eager tissues for the rich unguent which follows. And again the fingers are dancing on your face—a soothing glide that irons out lines, a gay staccato that brings back radiance. Next comes a balsam, pungent and exhilarating, uplifting lazy muscles, recapturing the firm facial curves of youth!....A lotion gentle as rain, a veil of powder, accents of rouge, lipstick—and *finis*....You rise from your chair renewed, radiant, your most self-confident self. For you have known the magic of a *Helena Rubinstein Beauty Ritual!*

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To Cleanse: Water Lily Cleansing Cream—it contains youthifying essences of water lilies. 2.50, 4.00. Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (for the busy and the thrifty) 1.25

To Rebuild Beauty: Youthifying Tissue Cream, the restorative and preservative of silken smooth skin. Excellent for preventing and correcting lines and crows'-feet. 2.00, 3.50

Tone with Valaze Extrait, the remarkable anti-wrinkle lotion. It lifts fatigue from face and eyes. 2.50, 5.00

To Brace Relaxed Contours: Georgine Lactee, the astringent balsam that uplifts drooping chins and banishes puffiness under the eyes. 3.00

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Mr. Morrow what he needed—confidence in meeting crowds. Mr. Morrow appreciated Duffy, and the story is told that since everyone else was calling Mr. Duffy Jack, Morrow asked if he might do the same.

"That's fine, Dwight. Now we can get down to business," Duffy replied.

The Morrows were called upon to use a little diplomacy on Primary Night. Mrs. Lindbergh was expecting her baby, and for weeks tabloid reporters and photographers had been camped as close to the Morrow house as watchmen permitted them to be. On Primary Night the political writers could not very well be barred, along with the baby reporters, so a password was devised—"Scandrett sent me here"—for the benefit of the political men. Mr. Morrow has a nephew named Scandrett, and they just used his name.

MANY stories have been told about Mayor Walker's wit, yet I can recall few of his jokes that would sound amusing set down here, though they are funny when Mr. Walker says them. Most of his wit is dependent upon the circumstances. The Mayor is often at his best when he is presiding at a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. These meetings are free to the public, by the way.

Last winter there was a report that Mayor Walker had been shot. The City Hall reporters managed to learn that this was not so through the Mayor's secretary. When Walker arrived at City Hall he said that he had not even been half-shot. This is characteristic.

Whatever Mayor Walker may feel about other city departments, such as the Board of Standards and Appeals or the Bureau of Markets, both under investigation, I do know that there is one department in which he takes a very real interest. I refer to the hospital department. He genuinely feels for the sick, and one of his first acts as Mayor was to tour Bellevue Hospital. The new psychopathic pavilion being built is one result of his activity. He visited the old psychopathic wards for men and women and afterward said he would not send a sick dog to them. The medical profession is always fearful of criticising its own, but Mr. Walker had no such fear. Those who accompanied him on that tour said there were tears in his eyes. Later he invited newspapermen to tour the same wards. He went with them to the hospital and accompanied them through it. There were no wisecracks this time. Mr. Walker declined to go into the women's psychopathic ward.

"I've seen that once and that's enough," he said.

THIS is a Walker story that went the rounds one time, and whether it is true or not I haven't the vaguest idea, but it might very well be. Supposedly the story is told by the Mayor himself:

"It was a couple of nights before Primary Day and we were due up in Harlem. Harlem was reported to be for Hylan five to three. I had made three or four speeches already that night, but I had to go to Harlem and I didn't know what to say. On the way up, just as we were nearing the meeting place, I heard a Negro soapbox orator harangue a crowd and ask 'What has Walker ever done for the colored people?'

"It made me think. What had I done for the colored people? We went into the hall and the applause was chilly—Hylan five to three. I got up and I didn't know what to say. Then something came. I told that audience that on my way there I had heard one of their race ask 'What has Walker ever done for the colored people?' You should have seen that audience sit up. I waited a minute and then I said 'Ladies and gentlemen, the answer is nothing.' That audience was sitting tight and then I let them have it.

"I said that when I worked for decent housing regulations I didn't do it for the colored people, but I did it for every citizen of New York regardless of race, creed, or color. I said that when I put through the Walker boxing bill I didn't do it for the colored people, but I did it for every fighter, regardless of race, creed, or color.

"Big Harry Wills was sitting down in front. Wills got up, with tears streaming down his face, came up to the platform, and grabbed my hand in his big black palm; and the audience was throwing chairs in the air."

WHEN I first began meeting politicians, in Boston, Calvin Coolidge was Lieutenant Governor. Along with anyone else who ever knew Coolidge, or rather was supposed to know him, I have been asked what kind of man he is. I think his autobiography answers this question adequately, for in it he shows himself to be the perfect Puritan, and this is not intended disrespectfully. To Calvin Coolidge, as well as to every real New Englander, and especially to the New Englander who lives in a small town, there can be no joy in life without sacrifice, no pleasure without payment. Joy for its own sake is a quality that the New England Puritan has never had.

I suppose I heard Mr. Coolidge make more than a hundred speeches. He was always talking, sometimes three and four times a night. First it would be at the midwinter meeting of the laundrymen's association in the ballroom of the Copley Plaza Hotel and, half an hour later, the monthly get-together of the Daughters of Vermont in the Pink Room of the Vendome. I cannot recall a single word now that Coolidge ever said.

I remember that many people used to stroll out of the room before he rose to speak and there never was much applause, except during the police-strike affair, but even the interest this created wore off quickly in Boston. I cannot recall ever having seen Coolidge touch any of the food on his plate. Usually he came in late and invariably he left after he had spoken. When he talked he rested his fingertips on the tablecloth and his tone never changed. I remember that he never prefaced any speech with a funny story or one intended to be funny. —RICHARD F. WARNER

(This is the second of two articles on political candidates.)

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WORDS TO BE SPOKEN ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT

With little pain and less of grief,
I can think of you as I
Think of any autumn leaf
Shaken past an empty sky
Where birds have long since slanted south
And stars are birds upon the eaves
Of darkness. For your grave young mouth
There is no part of me that grieves.

Love was such a leaf as hung
Burning and wild upon the bough
A day, a night. And I am wrung
Only with remembering how
One autumn I could not bear the sound
Of lost leaves crying to the ground.

—FRANCES M. FROST

VARSITY MANAGER

HE proves, if nothing else does, that nothing in his college career so ages a man as does election to the football managership.

As a competitor he came out to the field every afternoon, long before the squad arrived in a rumbling bus. He had changed his clothes after classes, and wore a pair of old trousers, spattered with lime, a pair of dirty black-and-white saddle shoes, and a sweatshirt. Sometimes he was told to run the line-marker across the field, so he would get busy mixing the lime and water. Sometimes he saw to the pumping-up of the several dozen balls, or toted a blanketful of helmets out on the field. There always was plenty to do, and at the time of doing it, it was unpleasant and frequently hard work. The varsity manager was busy and the coach and assistant coaches treated the competitors like servants.

IT was far worse than at his prep school, where he had learned literally to make his own bed and wait on table and do other menial things. That wasn't so bad because everyone had to do it. On the practice field, heeling the managership, he had to be able to do pretty much of everything: solicit advertisements for the game programs, sell tickets at the games, see to it that none of the townies stole any equipment, make minor repairs on uniforms, drive the varsity bus (which was fun), and never run out of cigarettes. All this without being sure that he would not be gypped out of the managership through campus politics.

It meant being very unsocial so long as you heeled the office. Instead of taking a girl to the games, he had to ask a friend to take her. The friend and the girl might meet him after the game—if nothing came up to keep him late at the field. While friend and girl sat high up in the stadium on the fifty-yard line, he himself stayed on the field, standing by the blankets so that he could wrap one around the shoulders of a player who had been sent to the showers. Worse, he might be assigned to signal to the man at the scoreboard, which meant learning a system of hand signs only slightly less complicated than those on the old Curb Exchange. Sometimes, too, he had the unenviable task of standing in the press box during the game, calling out the names of the players: there would be a play, and it was his duty to call out the names of those who participated. It might have

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Fownes

ARE OLD HANDS IN THE GLOVE BUSINESS!

THE one high spot in the uneventful life of George IV of England was the day in 1777 when he tried on the very first pair of Fownes Gloves. It is a matter of record that the future monarch (then five years old) exclaimed delightedly, "Thumbs up for Fownes!" Or something of the sort.

The Fownes reputation for fine leathers and high craftsmanship has endured ever since. And today, Fownes Gloves are accorded a royal reception wherever well-dressed men assemble.

Pictured in this column is a pair of smooth brown capeskin, with the conventional snap-fastener. Capeskin is always correct for informal wear—and particularly appropriate this fall, with browns predominating in men's attire. *This* capeskin is handsomely finished, smartly sewn.

But no illustration can convey to you an adequate idea of the rich appearance, the smart, comfortable cut of these and other Fownes Gloves. You must see them for yourself. You can, at your favorite shop. $3 to $15. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

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THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

been his voice you've heard over the radio, prompting the announcer: "Tackled by Green. . . . Intercepted by Palmer. . . . Received by Hickok." One year, while doing this, he managed to get a friend All-America mention, simply by using his name on almost every play. The football experts would take his word for it rather than trust to their own judgment, and when they saw that a certain player had made—say—eighteen tackles in one game, they decided that player must have been pretty hot stuff. This came under the head of fraternity politics.

It was all very hard work, but because there was the element of gambling, the chance that he might *not*—but *might*—get the managership, it was zestful. Far more so than if he had been sure he would or would not get the major prize.

AT last the election, and he was all set. Getting the managership meant automatic election to his favorite society, it meant that he had become a person. Now you knew him as a handsome young man who wore a complete suit, and not the sloppy raiment he had to wear while a heeler. He put on a starched collar and his newest Rosenberg suit and posed for a photograph. Underneath the photograph, which appeared in all programs, were his name, the name of his prep school, the name of his home town. He rather fancied himself in that picture; hands behind his back, a pleasant sneer on his face, his hair parted neatly, his feet spread a bit. If you looked very, very carefully you could discern a tiny metallic glint on his waistcoat. That would be his badge of membership in the roll of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Now that he had become a campus celebrity he didn't mind having a friend take his girl to the games. Quite well he knew that any Smith girl knew he amounted to something: she wouldn't miss that picture in the front of the program. As a matter of fact, his picture was practically the only human-looking one in the book; there is a certain anonymity about people in football uniform, but you see the man for what he is in a well-tailored suit. When the girl looked down on the field *this* year, she could see that he had authority, talking with the head coach and the stars on terms of familiarity. Down there he was thoroughly at home. No matter how much he liked the girl, he was not a little conscious of doing her at least a slight favor by selecting her to be his guest, and he didn't care how long he kept her waiting after the game. Not now. The longer he kept her, the more important it made him seem; he had important business. And when he did come to the car to find her having a cigarette with his roommate, like as not he would have the captain in tow, and they would take him back to town. And of course the captain would be politely grateful for the lift.

Such things do impress a girl, you know.

The managership pleased the old man, too. Being manager of football is quite a business task, and it also rates a varsity letter—something the old man never got, by God. Why, the old man didn't even make a senior society.

HE met many, many people, and at first tried to make a point of remembering their names. He soon found that this was impracticable. Starchy old bankers from his home town would write most friendly letters to him, asking for tickets for the big games. Freshmen and even sophomores took sides on the question: Was he a snob, or was it just *savoir-faire*? His name would appear, signed to formal statements in the college daily, and one or two metropolitan sportswriters, making early-season visits to look over the team, saw fit to mention him in their stories.

Most of the time it was pretty exciting. In fact only late at night, just before he went to sleep, would he almost admit that football and everything about it bored the hell out of him. —JOHN O'HARA

•

When Benjamin Hatton was fined $50 at Southwell, England, for being drunk in charge of an automobile, it was testified that his wife was thrown out but he did not miss her for several hours.—*Montana Standard, Butte.*

The awful silence should have told him.

THE ART GALLERIES

Seeds of Modernism—Harsh Commentators—Present and Future

THE first exhibition of the year at the Museum of Modern Art—Corot and Daumier—may prove a disappointment to the layman. Absent are the grand vistas of Corot's Italian period; and the show is also almost wholly free from the sweet, poetic period of the fuzzy trees that mark Corot for the American reared on the "Third Reader" and spending his leisure in speakeasies. The latter educational centres, by the way, still hold many of the finer "Corots," as the Museum board turned a dry ear to the pleadings of the many who importuned that their masterpieces be included in the show. Experts connected with the enterprise state that never before have so many canvases been tendered unsolicited, and never before have so many been rejected as being not authentic. We are not an expert, but there were only two hung that we could possibly imagine weren't painted by the master.

The exhibition is a most worthy one and will give constant delight to the followers of art, if not to the crowd. We imagine the students will shout and murmur over these walls where hang most of the seeds of Modernism. Never before has there been gathered in this country so vast a display. Certainly there are enough examples of the various periods of these artists to suit all needs. In the array there are drawings, lithographs, and sculpture, as well as oils—a hundred and forty-nine items in all.

ASIDE from the pleasure of looking at masterly painting, we had our fun in wondering how much the later giants derived from these two. Corot, before he became embittered and turned to the near-sighted rendition of trees, was well on his way to the abstract phases of Modernism. Neither Cézanne nor the Cubists pushed space-arrangements much farther than Corot did in his "The Inn at Montigny-les-Cormeilles, 1831," and as for Derain, one has only to study Corot's "Aqueducts in the Roman Campagna." You may go on this way for hours, tracing the lineage of your favorite dauber, but before you cease, look at Daumier's "The Horsemen" and "The Beggars" for Picasso's starting point.

So what you do not find in one, you find in the other. Daumier, we imagine, thought less of his public and was content to follow a rarer light than that of contemporary approbation. Certainly his own times could have derived no comfort from his biting irony and his merciless portrayal of all flesh. The fact that Daumier was such a superb painter kept him, no doubt, from being the supreme satirist. Now and then he could not help himself and succumbed to the lure of pigment. His "Don Quixote" series, however, ranks with the "Monk" series Goya did when he was thumbing his nose at the Church.

In the minor sketches and drawings of both Corot and Daumier, you will find the great thrill that comes from all workshop notes. There is something in the mechanics of art that is a great leveller; even the gods had to take steps before they flew. In these plans and patterns the struggler finds new hope and renewed inspiration.

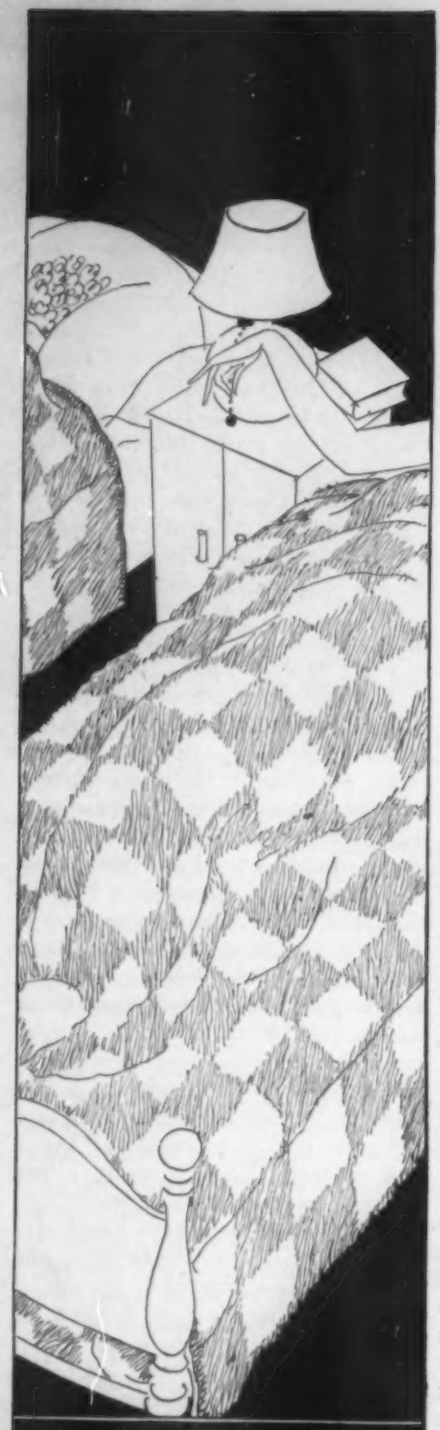
The show will continue until November 23 and will do a noble work in bringing timid folk into the fold of Modernism.

TO follow Heywood Broun's show, the Weyhe Gallery held one of another commentator on life—Thomas Rowlandson—closing October 24.

These colored prints were collected from the bins of the Continent, where they had lain since the days when they cost a shilling and were about as important as our Mutts and Jeffs. Either Rowlandson did not have a graceful age to record, as did Guys, or he preferred to reproduce the harsher side of his contemporaries. He did not go as deep as did the mighty Hogarth, but he did go broad. His comments on his times are pretty bawdy and sometimes lewd. Now and then, though, he is pure poet, and in these engravings there is the charm of an Englishman's idea of England. The prints are moderately priced, and are beautiful pieces of decoration.

THREE Frenchmen who cling to the past, and with some regret, are Bonnard, Vuillard, and Roussel. Their show at Seligmann ends Saturday, October 25. Of the three we like Vuillard best. After all, he is a lusty painter, splashing around in his areas wholly unmindful of design or the things that fetter most of us. We imagine the passing generation must find a great delight in him; he is colorful, representative, and yet not of the flat Academicians. He is mussy enough to seem more important than he is. Now and then, as in the three little studies, Nos. 32, 33, and 34, he comes off with a clear, if simple, concept. Roussel is a painter without a time, if not a country. His limited lyricism finds itself in an age that has little patience for nymphs and satyrs. Bonnard barely missed being a master of color. Had he been blessed with half Matisse's feeling for it, he might have been a giant. His "La Corbeille de Fruits" is a nice rendering of the Fantin tradition out of Chardin.

HERE AND THERE: The Fifty-sixth Street Galleries have a show of thirty modern paintings from the collection of George S. Hellman. . . . Demotte, formerly devoted to antiques, has gone in for paintings, too, and—of all things!—modern paintings. The October show is of Chirico, who is seen around a good deal these days. . . . The Société Anonyme is holding a show of Italian Primitives and twentieth-century painting at the Rand School of Social Science. . . . Wilfred S. Conrow is exhibiting twenty-five portraits at the Art Center. . . . Also at the Center is a show of the works of the late George W. Lawler. . . . The boys who have been turning soap into sculpture can now break off with their bosses; a similar stunt is being tried by a china company. The Art Alliance of America, 65 East Fifty-sixth Street, will give the ambitious the details of the competition. . . . The Reinhardt Galleries have a show of French moderns, with some Pascin drawings and water colors. . . . Charles Warren Eaton is exhibiting paintings at the Milch Galleries. . . . Alfeo Faggi has sculpture at Ferargil. . . . The New York Society of Women Artists has a show at the Penthouse Galleries. . . . Lithographs by Charles Locke and woodcuts by Allen Lewis can be found at the Argent Galleries, 42 West Fifty-seventh Street. . . . The first Opportunity Show is on at the Art Center. . . . The Hackett Galleries have a show of paintings by Beagary. . . . An exhibition of recent water colors is at the Morton Gallery. . . . Beginning Monday, there will be a show of figures, landscapes, and portraits by Albert Sterner at Ferargil. —M. P.



LONDON LETTER

London, Oct. 15

WHEN Summer Time is over and the lights come out in the shop windows at about half-past five, and a sort of dismal glow arises out of Fulham and spreads itself miserably over the West End, you begin to realize that London was never meant to be a Continental city. It was built against the climate. You see the reason for those huddled houses and those winding streets that have no vistas. They are huddled for comfort. Already there is a jolly opacity about the air which means that some million coal fires are beginning to smolder in their grates and will presently exude a tenuous warmth. It is rather pleasant to get back to the fog, and the darkness, and to stop playing with Lidos and other such exotic experiments.

a.

EVERYONE is pretty blue, what with one thing and another that have no place in this letter; perhaps it's just one of those moods. At all events, the theatre is looking up. Several new shows have settled down into definite successes. There are "It's a Boy," at the Strand, in which Leslie Henson finds it necessary to be disguised as a female novelist—which is all to the good; and Noel Coward's "Private Lives," which may be passed as first-class diversion. There's precious little in it, and that little you probably know, but no one in the world is such a master of pyrotechnics as Coward, and no one can talk nonsense with such a polish of enchanting sophistication as Miss Lawrence. The contract, incidentally, specifies that the play may not run longer than three months, so that its author and principal actor shall escape from the possibility of boredom.

I SUPPOSE it's a sign of depression that all the successful plays are of this frivolous nature. At the Gate Theatre Studio, they are doing "The Professional Lover," by Ernst Vajda, who wrote "Fata Morgana." Halfway through the first act, the husband says to the gigolo: "How much will you take to seduce my wife?" It's a good line; but I heard it before in "The Lion Tamer," at this very theatre, and since Eric Portman was the gigolo in each case, the sensation of repetition was the more acute. Continual attendance at the Gate Theatre orgies makes one expect this kind of thing, but Eugene O'Neill nevertheless has expressed a wish that none but the Gate shall represent his genius in this country, and accordingly they are to do "Desire Under the Elms" and "The Hairy Ape." Good news this and an uncomplimentary reflection on us that O'Neill's stuff has to be sold under the counter in this way.

IN the meantime, a new small repertory theatre has arisen, the Embassy, out at Swiss Cottage, a wild, northerly terrain, beyond the reach of any but the most pioneering playgoer. Here, too, farce reigns—a revival of Somerset Maugham's "Home and Beauty," in which Charles Hawtry once played in his engaging way. It is brilliantly acted, so brilliantly that it augurs well for a future run of good shows in this theatre. The cast has a young man called Francis Sullivan who will bear watching, a shrewd comedian in A. R. Whatmore, and a dazzling blonde in the person of Joyce Bland, whom this gentleman is willing to travel all the way to Swiss Cottage to prefer.

BRITISH authors have been casting anxious eyes, in which there lurk gleams of furtive avarice, toward the more enterprising side of the Atlantic, where midget golf, backgammon, and the dollar novel come from. As far as my experience of authors goes, they know rather more about the marketing and financial end of the book business than they are given credit for; and the bold experiment of Nelson Doubleday smacks so strongly of the bold experiments of Henry Ford, Frank Woolworth, and W. J. Ingersoll, that there may well be something in it. H. G. Wells and Edgar Wallace, to name two names in the same bated breath, pronounce unqualified approval. Arnold Bennett thinks the idea a good one, if someone else will try it first.

Over here, the condition of bookselling is different and rather worse. For years the publishers fought the library system only to surrender unconditionally. It seems a book is something the Englishman begs, borrows, steals, but never buys. The question is not

whether he would prefer to buy books at the chemist's or the bookshop, but whether one can make him buy at all: In fact, we have now reached the rather absurd point where an author who sells more than a hundred copies above his library subscriptions finds himself featured in the literary weeklies as a best-seller. In most cases the advance cheque is the last cheque; and it has been found that seven and sixpence is just about as high a price as the libraries will stand for a book. If the book is cheaper, they don't buy any more; and if it's dearer, they buy less.

THE Motor Show is about to open here, and while there may be last-minute surprises, most of the rabbits are already out of the bag. The English manufacturer at last has awakened to the fact that what a car needs most is a motor, after years of arguing the other way. On paper, the 1931 models look very well. Six cylinders are universal, down to the very cheapest grade. An entirely new departure is the fitting of six-cylinder engines of most respectable dimensions to cars little bigger than the Baby Austin. This gives them a power-weight ratio exactly equal to the colossal eight-litre Bentley and a cruising speed, as we call it, of sixty miles an hour all day. (The catalogues don't mention what you feel like at the end of the day.) The metal valance running between the step and the body is completely dead, and there's a new kind of plating for the bright parts that looks like gold. With a black car, the effect is very rich.

There are a few freaks. Commander Burney, of the airship R-100, has produced a streamline car, with an eight-cylinder motor at the back, that looks like a submarine. He has discovered it takes ten horsepower to push a pair of headlamps through the air at sixty, and twelve more to suck them out of the air behind. The twelve-cylinder Daimlers have "fluid flywheels," so that you can start in high without touching the clutch, and every Armstrong-Siddeley now changes gear from the steering-wheel. It's all done to tempt more fools out on the road—and to judge from the present appearance of the road, fools and their money are indeed soon parted. —A. G.

•

WHITE POODLE, pink running eyes and nose; body twitch after-effects of distemper; no value except to owners.—*The Herald Tribune.*

We don't see why not.

"I'M TELLING YOU"

"I'M telling you, it was just like if Mrs. Benjamin's boy, Herbert, was standing there on the stage right before your eyes in the flesh. I never seen anything like it in my life."

"You don't say."

"And the minute he opens his mouth to speak I got the shock of my life. I says to Emile—I went with Emile—I says to him, 'Emile, who does he remind you of?' And Emile says right away, 'He reminds me of Mrs. Benjamin's boy, Herbert.' I remarked on it to Emile time and time again and finally Emile, he says to me, 'Fa Heaven's sakes, what's so wonderful about that there actor looking like Herbert?' 'What's so wonderful?' I says. 'How would you like if our Shirley had an actress who looks exactly like her on the stage?' There's something funny when you go to take in a show and an actor reminds you of your own flesh and blood. Now I'm not related to Mrs. Benjamin except she's a neighbor of mine, still and all it was very funny listening to that actor and knowing all along he was like Mrs. Benjamin's boy, Herbert."

"Yeah, it musta been funny."

"I'm telling you. He had Herbert's walk and talk down to a 't.' You know how Mrs. Benjamin's Herbert is always talking about his girls. Mrs. Benjamin always says that his girls are gonna be the death of her yet some day. Last week he went to a dance with a girl and Mrs. Benjamin is worrying herself sick. She don't know where he gets the money. Mr. Benjamin don't give him much for an allowance. What she's thinking is that he makes a bigger salary than he says and only gives her part of it and keeps the rest for himself so he can take his girls to dances and those other places. She'd like to go to Herbert's boss and find out how much Herbert really gets, only she thinks that Herbert will get kinda mad if she does that."

"Yeah, I bet he would."

"Well, on this stage this actor kept talking about his girls and all. I kept saying to Emile, 'There he goes. Just like Herbert Benjamin.' I says to Emile, 'I bet if Herbert would give up his job and go to this here producer and say to him he wanted the job as the young boy in the play who is always talking about girls, well, all the producer would have to do is take one look at Herbert and give him the job.'"

"You think the man who wrote the play got the idear from Herbert?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. But I went to Mrs. Benjamin the next day as quick as I could and I told her if she wants a treat she should see this play because in it there's a feller who reminds me exactly of her Herbert and I kept thinking all the time he was on the stage that it was her Herbert."

"What did Mrs. Benjamin say?"

"What did she say? Do you know what she says to me? Well, she says to me, 'I got all I can do to listen to my own Herbert without going to a Broadway play to listen if the actor talks like him. I got my own hands full of Herbert.' Can you imagine?"

—ARTHUR KOBER

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TINY COMMUNIQUÉ

[*A memorandum, Headquarters Hawaiian Department, Fort Shafter, T. H., September 16, 1930*]

1. The following radiogram to the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C., and reply thereto is furnished for the information and guidance of all concerned:

SEPTEMBER 3, 1930.

"THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
WASHINGTON D C
REQUEST THAT UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF PARAGRAPH 5 b (1) AR 210-65 JUNE 29 1929 AND PARAGRAPHS 3e, 4f (1) AND 5a (3) AR 210-50 JUNE 20 1929 THAT AUTHORITY BE GRANTED TO ADD MINIATURE GOLF COURSES TO THE BUSINESS OF POST EXCHANGES IN THIS DEPARTMENT
WINANS"

WASHINGTON D C
SEPTEMBER 16, 1930

"COMMANDING GENERAL
HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT
FORT SHAFTER T H
YOUR 6459 PARA 8. AUTHORITY IS GRANTED TO ADD MINIATURE GOLF COURSES TO THE BUSINESS OF POST EXCHANGES IN THE HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT
BRIDGES"

(AG 353. 8-Golf)

By command of Major General Winans:

(Signed) D. Y. Beckham,
Lieut. Col. A.G.D.,
Acting Adjutant General

Distribution "A"
less 5 10 and 11.

RECENT BOOKS

Fiction Families—Journalism—Tarkington—
Wordless Novel—London Days—Wild Beasts

FORTUNATELY, in the back of Miss G. B. Stern's novel, "Mosaic," you are provided with a genealogical chart of the Rakonitz family to guide you through the mazes of the drama of the sisters and cousins and aunts of the Matriarch. However, the intricacies of this family saga of Jewish life need cause you only momentary bewilderment; for, what is more important, Miss Stern herself sees all the Rakonitzes, Bettelheims, and Czelovars clearly—sees them as vividly as Galsworthy visioned the Forsytes. Miss Stern knows all these full-blooded, whole-hearted Jewish ladies down to the very cut of the rubies in their bracelets.

The heroine of "Mosaic" is Berthe Czelovar—of the "Paris lot." You see Berthe first as a young girl of fourteen, already stealing suitors from paler rivals. You see her grow into a prima donna whose stage is her own family circle, engaging in senseless quarrels and fruitless intrigues, arranging outrageously unsuitable marriages, thrusting young men into careers they have no liking for, and always facing life with supreme confidence but no sense of direction. Berthe booms and bounces through the book, a vital, exhausting, and intensely real person. Miss Stern laughs at her, but loves her. In her great feeling for details, she can tell you exactly the design of Berthe's clothes, during the passing of the years, the furniture in her apartment, the tone of her voice.

Miss Stern is at her best when she is writing about the women of a generation ago—or perhaps the women themselves were more interesting. These Jewish women have wit and shimmer and flamboyance. When their daughters and nieces lose their dignified Biblical names and their sharp racial individuality, Miss Stern writes of them with less relish. And so the first half of "Mosaic" is the better; when, as it were, the men begin to shave their luxurious whiskers and the women go in for slim figures, the novel has a tendency to let down. Miss Stern, at the end, does arrange a splendid tragedy for Berthe; she sends Berthe to Vienna, the lost Paradise of her clan, and makes her face the disillusioning fact that there is no more romance in Europe.

"I've come to browse."

"THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY" is another sequel. The Sanger family will undoubtedly pursue Margaret Kennedy for the rest of her career. The Sangers, of course, are too good to be tossed aside after only one volume. This, then, is the story of two of the brothers of the Constant Nymph. It starts as the romance of Caryll, who was looked upon as a *dummkopf* by the other Sangers because he had an odd habit of saving his money.

Miss Kennedy introduces the mad Sebastian and Sebastian immediately not only steals Caryll's girl but the entire novel. The book follows the general pattern of "The Constant Nymph." It shows the Sanger temperament in conflict with respectability. Caryll falls romantically in love with a Scotch heiress and the girl at once goes a little berserk under the influence of the Sanger magnetism and has an affair with Sebastian.

Miss Kennedy takes only a perfunctory interest in her conventional girls. In "The Fool of the Family," she lavishes all her love and affection on an attractive little guttersnipe named Gemma. The Scotch Fenella is always being snubbed and pushed aside, in the book, to make space for Gemma.

OF the new biographies, I recommend "Northcliffe," by Hamilton Fyfe. It isn't, perhaps, the complete picture of the man, because much of it is the hero-worship of a friend. As a personal study, it is too much all of one tone. But it is a remarkable story of the history of popular journalism in England and it is filled with lively and amusing newspaper anecdotes. I liked best Mr. Fyfe's tales of Northcliffe's first efforts to capture circulation for his papers. He once, for instance, offered an annuity of a pound a week to the person guessing the amount of bullion in the Bank of England on a

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certain day. No wonder, with such dazzling strokes of journalism, the young Alfred Harmsworth could throw England into a turmoil.

"Taking the Curtain Call" is rather better than a biography; it is a collection of the letters of Henry Arthur Jones, intelligently arranged with biographical comment by Doris Arthur Jones, daughter of the dramatist. Almost all the great players and writers of the English stage are represented in these letters. The book is really an excellent one for those who like to collect volumes about the theatre.

IRENE NEMIROVSKY has written a one-character novel in "David Golder." It is, incidentally, a first work. This is the study of a Jew whose life has been one dreadful gamble for money. Golder is a great plunger, a man both despicable and pathetic. The story is essentially Continental, although Miss Nemirovsky places the foundation of Golder's fortune in America. It is a hard, brittle, and sometimes repellent book. While Golder himself is well drawn and dramatically presented, the wife and daughter who prey on him are merely two harpies out of a melodrama. Miss Nemirovsky writes angularly and austerely; it is a book entirely without shading. But if she lacks suavity, she has the virtues of great honesty and daring.

IN spite of his long summer residence in Maine, Booth Tarkington is a little lost in "Mirthful Haven." He tries to write one of your regulation New England novels and only succeeds in being a little dull. His girl, for instance, is the village outcast, but she is timidly and uncertainly pictured. There is no reality to her, only a shadow and a merging of other misunderstood adolescents. Mr. Tarkington constantly

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saves himself by his gift of friendly observation, by his shrewdly gentle way of describing obvious things and obvious emotions with an unexpected grace. —A. W. S.

THIS week, among other things, we have Art: Milt Gross' "He Done Her Wrong;" "London Promenade," by W. Gaunt; and "Pyramid and Temple," by Julius Meier-Graefe. Let us take up Milt Gross first. He calls his work "The Great American Novel, and not a word in it;" and there isn't, either. It's all in pictures, sometimes as many as six to the page, though at one point the complexity of his narrative does force him to employ a little rebus arrangement in which, by means of a picture of an eye and a saw, an informer gets over to the hero the idea that he had actually seen the dirty work going on. The hero, by the way, is a stalwart trapper, the heroine a simple dance-hall singer, the villain a dapper fellow, and I don't know what more to say about the book because if I don't look out I am liable to start in and tell the whole plot, just for the fun of going over their remarkable adventures. Milt Gross' pictures are always good because they boil the whole comic-strip technique down to its ridiculous essence; here, too, in his book you'll find some large, very inky pictures (figures silhouetted against the dawn, gruesome faces peering out of the gloom) which elegantly satirize the solemn tableaux in those Lynd Ward–Franz Masereel things advanced last year.

"LONDON PROMENADE" is quite another thing. It is very beautifully got up by William Edwin Rudge—one of those things, in fact, which seem too good a job of printing for their content. It comprises sketches of music halls, street life, barroom scenes, a little in the manner of Pascin, and drawings of famous old buildings which look like architects' elevations; with each, a short description, thinly epigrammatical, of the life and doings there. You might want it if you're going to London and want all the hints you can find about odd places to see. Even so, there are easier ways of getting the information: for one thing, the book is about quarto in size, and pretty cumbersome for a guidebook.

I DON'T know whether you like those long rambling records of a journey by a man of mellow mind or not; if you do, you'll like "Pyramid and Temple," the commentaries of Julius Meier-Graefe, the venerable German art critic, on a trip through Egypt, Greece, and the Holy Land. It's the kind of book where contemplation of the pyramids leads inevitably to a casual discussion of Cézanne; where Renoir gets tangled up in Greek draperies; where the description of two or three groups of statuary at the Cairo museum takes up as many discursive chapters.

THEN there's "Bring 'Em Back Alive," by Frank Buck, in collaboration with Edward Anthony. It is the story of Mr. Buck's career in the jungle, catching wild animals for the circuses, zoos, and so on. His adventures, of course, are many, and he nearly gets killed a dozen times—doctoring a tapir, fighting a king cobra escaped from its cage, recapturing a spotted leopard at large on shipboard, corralling a tiger, also uncaged. It's exciting, but you can't help getting the idea that, although Mr. Buck may be a mighty hunter, he is also pretty careless about keeping his animals, once caught. Somewhere in the book there is a catalogue of his captures—ninety-five elephants, sixty-three pythons, one hundred and seven tigers, something like that—which leads one to the observation that the really great books of travel and adventure, such as Mungo Park, Doughty, and so on, are engrossing largely because, besides the thrilling incidents, they also contain such items as: "May 5. Caught 2 leopards. Rained today."

"AS WE WERE" is by E. F. Benson. You may just possibly have read some of those society novels of his, years ago, and be prejudiced, but this is better. It is a book of reminiscences of the Victorian era, and he has had certain advantages in collecting them, being the son of E. W. Benson, once headmaster of Wellington College, Prince Albert's favorite school, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen's spiritual advisor. All sorts of sidelights begin now to be thrown on the figures of those days, rounding out their contours for us, and this book is one of them, chiefly interesting for its gossip about the Personages of that time, what they ate, how they dressed, what they talked about.

THERE'S a novel you may wonder over: "As I Lay Dying," by William Faulkner, who wrote "The Sound and the Fury" last year, which also puzzled many. This one is the Odyssey of the corpse of Addie Bundren, wife of a poor-white Southern farmer, as told through the minds of her husband, her children, her neighbors, as they labor to bring her body through rains, floods, and primitive misadventures to the distant town where she had wanted to be buried. It's a gruesome idea, and there are times when the author bears down too hard on the horror. But not many: in the main the story is keenly told, and the style, which shows the influence of the movement which includes Gertrude Stein, is here well adapted to its content. The dialogue is especially good: I don't think you've seen very often recently the workings of the unconscious mind so aptly followed in a conversation. If you're interested in the changing structure of the novel nowadays, you'll want to read this book: Mr. Faulkner has evidently tried honestly to find the best way to tell his story, without regard for traditional forms.

AFTER it, "These Generations," by Elinor Mordaunt, suffers slightly in comparison. It's a good enough book—if you liked her "Too Much Java," it's something in the same line—about an American lover, Spanish coffee planters, and an aged grandmother, who has lived, and knows all. I'm being unfair to it possibly, but it seemed that, as with so many novels nowadays, its characters had little life outside the book covers. —R. M. C.

•

When a woman who wishes to sublet her apartment is showing it to a prospective tenant, which one should leave the elevator and enter first?—G. V.

The present tenant should permit the person inspecting the apartment to precede her out of the elevator and into the foyer, if the prospective tenant is a woman. She would naturally precede a man. When the old and new tenants are once inside the apartment the old tenant should go first, to lead the way, and should enter all the rooms first.—*The Telegram.*

It's less of a shock that way.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Mosaic, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). A witty and gaily colored picture of a flamboyant lady. Continuing, of course, the drama of the Matriarch's family.

The Fool of the Family, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). More about the Sangers: this time Caryll and Sebastian are the chief actors in a fascinating story.

David Golder, by Irene Nemirovsky (*Liveright*). The hard and sometimes repellent story of a Jewish gambler.

Mirthful Haven, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). Mr. Tarkington writes a New England novel with uncertain success.

As I Lay Dying, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). One of those experiments in the modern method, this on the minds of Southern white trash.

He Done Her Wrong, by Milt Gross (*Doubleday, Doran*). The Great American Novel, done in almost talking pictures.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield (*Harcourt, Brace*). A serene, sensitive novel about a charming woman. Worth your while.

Miss Mole, by E. H. Young (*Harcourt, Brace*). The drama of a super-servant. A real and living picture of one of the season's best heroines.

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). George Sherston, the English fox-hunting gentleman, goes to war.

"Sir!" She Said, by Alec Waugh (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Considering the woeful state of modern women.

A Rich Man's Daughter, by R. H. Mottram (*Harper*). Spiritual deflation in England. Part of "The Spanish Farm" trilogy.

Morals for Moderns, by Elmer Davis (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Sharp and witty short stories.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy (*Scribner*). Whether you like it depends entirely on whether you're on speaking terms with the Forsytes.

Saint Johnson, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). The author of "Little Caesar" goes west. Maybe you'll go with him, and maybe you'll be left behind in Chicago.

Cakes and Ale: or the Skeleton in the Cupboard, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

Quiet Street, by Michael Ossorgin (*Dial Press*). The novel of the Russian Revolution that you have been waiting for.

Rearguard, by Compton Pakenham (*Knopf*). Black picture of crumbling English aristocracy. Excellently written.

Green Isle, by Alice Duer Miller (*Dodd, Mead*). Shrewd and excellently written novel of a virtuous heroine deftly exposed by the author.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). New York extravaganza which is really Robert W. Chambers dressed up with new complexes and bigger-and-better scenery.

A Note in Music, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

The Edwardians, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire of the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Life in a London office, presented in the Dickens manner.

Mysteries

The Beauty-Mask Murder, by Viola Brothers Shore (*R. R. Smith*). . . . Strong Poison, by Dorothy L. Sayers (*Brewer & Warren*). . . . The Thing in the Night, by Katharine Virden (*Crime Club*). . . . The Mystery of the Folded Paper, by Hulbert Footner (*Harper*). . . . The Garston Murder Case, by H. C. Bailey (*Crime Club*). . . . The Ghost's High Noon, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*). . . . The Pavilion by the Lake, by Arthur J. Rees (*Dodd, Mead*).

General

Northcliffe, by Hamilton Fyfe (*Macmillan*). Good and very readable account of the history of popular journalism in England.

Taking the Curtain Call, by Doris Arthur Jones (*Macmillan*). The letters of Henry Arthur Jones, collected by his daughter. A fine picture of fifty years of the English theatre.

As We Were, by E. F. Benson (*Longmans, Green*). Gossip of Victoria's day, by the son of an archbishop.

Pyramid and Temple, by Julius Meier-Graefe (*Macaulay*). An art critic's journeys in the Near East, with interesting commentaries.

R. v. R., by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. Van Loon, in the guise of an imaginary ancestor, writes a diary that is also an excellent biography of Rembrandt.

Pearls, Arms and Hashish, by Henri de Monfried, as told to Ida Treat (*Coward-McCann*). A Red Sea smuggler tells his adventures without melodrama, but with plenty of excitement.

Here's Audacity!, by Frank Shay (*Macaulay*). Tall tales of the tall timbers. Good commuting reading.

Three Virgins of Haworth, by Emilie and Georges Romieu (*Dutton*). The pitiful tale of the Brontë sisters. Doesn't try to wring out pathos but succeeds.

Two Years, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Odyssey of an Irishman, and a study in unrest.

The End of the World, by Geoffrey Dennis (*Simon & Schuster*). Prose poem full of wonder and terror. Enough to scare you out of your wits.

Good-Bye to Western Culture, by Norman Douglas (*Harper*). The most brilliant—and probably final—answer to "Mother India." And a terrific attack on Mother England.

Letters of Henry Adams, edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford (*Houghton Mifflin*). A history of the Adams mind from 1858 to 1891. Plymouth Rock itself takes pen in hand.

Beasts Called Wild, by André Demaison, translated by Guy Endore (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Superb stories of African animals.

Beggars Abroad, by Jim Tully (*Doubleday, Doran*). A bit of gossip with an entertaining tourist.

Portrait of a Diplomatist, by Harold Nicolson (*Houghton Mifflin*). In which Mr. Nicolson writes the biography of his father, a gentleman of the old school. An inside drama of the events that contributed to the World War.

Picture Book, by Murdock Pemberton (*Knopf*). Talks on modern art that are worth your while. Illustrated.

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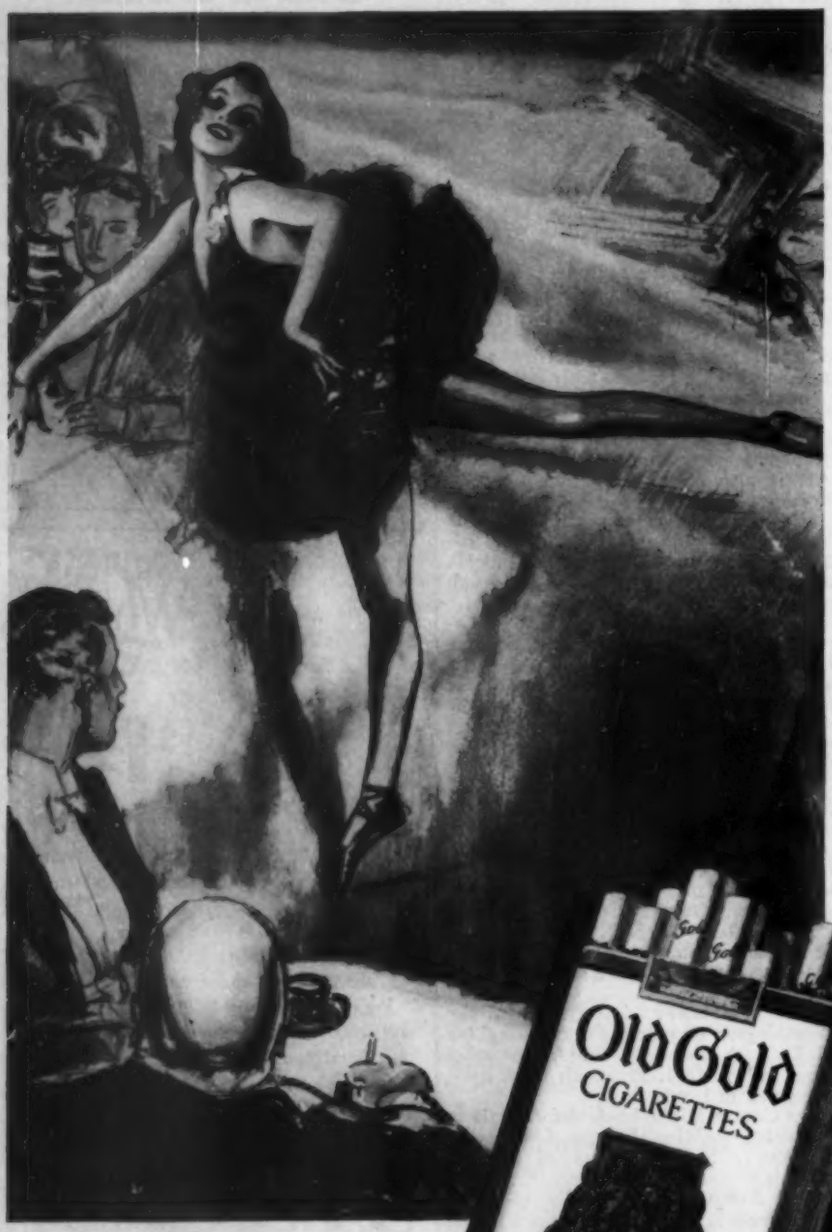

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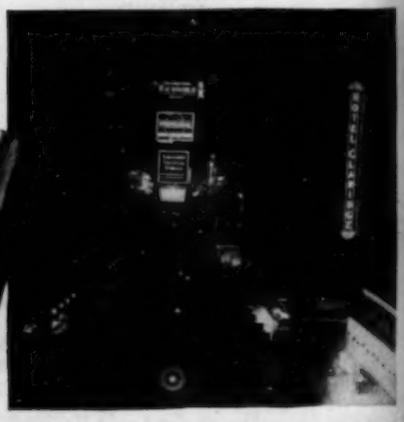

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